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# MAPLE LEAVES:

A BUDGET OF

LEGENDARY, HISTORICAL, CRITICAL,

AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

By J. M. LEMOINE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "L'ORNITHOLOGIE DU CANADA;" "LES PECHERIES DU CANADA;" "ETUDE  
SUR LES EXPLORATIONS ARCTIQUES DE McCLURE, DE McCLINTOCK, ET DE KANE,"  
ETC.; MEMBER OF THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

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## TO MY ENGLISH READERS.

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A YOUTHFUL poet, L. H. Frechette, assumes in the preface of his charming little volume, "*Mes Loisirs*," that every book ought to have something of a preface, were it only a note of interrogation—?

Without admitting or denying this proposition, I have a word to say to my readers (if I have any), not precisely to tell them that the modest *Maple Wreath*, I now lay before them, is worthy of their approbation,—as it must stand or fall on its own merits,—but merely to ask on one point a little forbearance.

Just let some of them imagine they have to write a book in French. Would not the bare idea make them feel as nervous as a fish out of water? Such is the feeling which comes over me in inditing one in English. This little volume may, perhaps, add another to the many proofs that no man can write well two languages. What remains to be done? Nothing, I fear, except to mend my ways and my English, should I ever repeat the attempt. A portion of the historical, legendary and sporting intelligence herein contained is scattered through many old books and memoirs, not of

easy access to the generality of readers. In collecting it in one small budget, neither ponderous in form nor in substance, have I succeeded to furnish a manual of light reading for tourists, sportsmen and others? Time alone will tell. This bantling has taken up, pleasantly enough, many a leisure hour during long winter evenings, when my "Household Gods" were wrapt in balmy sleep, and when no sound invaded my study but the whistling of the northern blast through my old oaks and snow-clad pines.

To say it cost me neither trouble nor research, would be untrue. Dealing becomingly with some feudal topics, I found very difficult, notwithstanding the pains I took, to handle them gingerly. I have thrown in several light anecdotes to enliven the subject. It has, likewise, frequently been my lot to speak of the living and the dead, also of current events: severely at times; unjustly, I hope, never. Without ignoring the merits of other nations and other countries, I never shrank from standing up for my own, and I hope never will. Without forgetting the claims of ancestry; to whom we owe civil and religious freedom, and their exponent, representative institutions (even though our government be but a pale copy of a good original) one thing will frequently shew itself in these pages—that is,—the love of country. In the words of Scotia's bard:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land?"

Or else in those of our own national poet:\*

"Sol Canadien, terre chérie !  
Par des braves tu fus peuplé ;

---

\* Isidore Bedard. This gifted Quebecer was a brother of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Elzéar Bedard. He represented in Parliament, the County of Saguenay, and died in Paris, in 1833.

Ils cherchaient loin de leur patrie,  
Une terre de liberté.

Qu'elles sont belles nos campagnes !  
En Canada qu'on vit content !  
Salut, O ! sublimes montagnes,  
Bords' du superbe St. Laurent.  
Habitant de cette contrée,  
Que nature sait embellir  
Tu peux marcher tête levée,  
Ton pays doit t'enorgueillir.

Si d'Albion la main chérie  
Cesse un jour de te protéger  
Soutiens-toi seule, ô ma patrie !  
Méprise un secours étranger.  
Nos pères sortis de la France  
Étaient l'élite des guerriers,  
Et leurs enfants, de leur vaillance  
Ne flétriront pas les lauriers."

SPENCER WOOD GRANGE,  
20th August, 1863.

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E P E R A T A .

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Page 14—Read “by-word” instead of “bye-word.”

“ 28—Instead of “about Governor Hincks,” read “absent Governor H.”

“ 36—The note—leave out “Quebec.”—“Backwoodsmen” instead of “backwoodmen.”

“ 50—Read “Capitaine de vaisseau” instead of “vesseau.”

“ 52—Read “1725” instead of “1755.”

“ 55—Read “thirty-six millions.”

“ 61—Read “quotations” instead of “quations.”

“ 66—Instead of “Counts and barons dancing La Salammbo,” read “countesses, &c., dressed à la Salammbo.”

“ 66—The note—Read instead of “he formed part,” “the chevalier Lacorne formed part of the distinguished Canadians who offered their services to Major Preston.”

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# MAPLE LEAVES.

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## The Grave of Cadieux.

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### CHAPTER I.

"Utawa's tide! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,  
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past."  
Moore.

EVERY country has its legends, its wild stories of love or revenge; its traditional accounts of herces; of battles won or lost; of brave men saved from certain death by some unaccountable superhuman agency; of wicked ones summarily punished. Poets, chroniclers, and historians mould these memories into more or less attractive form, throw light or shade on the picture, surround it with the halo of their genius, or leave it a dreary record of the past. It were strange, indeed, if our own inland seas, our wild lakes, our romantic forests—which for more than one century resounded with the tread or echoed the warhoop of the innumerable Indian tribes bent on exterminating one another, and equally hostile to the white man—should be an exception to the general rule. There is an ample harvest awaiting the future Walter Scotts, the Washington Irving, or the Coopers, which Canada may produce; and towering amongst contemporary writers, we do know two whom elegance of style and intimate acquaintance with the historical and legendary lore of Canada, seem to designate as eminently qualified to collect the traditions of former days, to breathe in them the spirit of life: these men are the author of "Charles Guevin," and the writer of *Les Forestiers et Voyageurs*.



It is one of those ancient traditions, carefully collected, and divested of many of its marvellous episodes, we shall now try and lay before the reader.

Amongst the numerous stories or songs which old *Voyageurs* and *Northwesters* were in the habit of relating or singing a few years ago, after the toil of the day was over, and when the aroma of the weed rose in circles round the camp-fire, few had a wider range of celebrity than one generally known as the "*Complainté de Cadieux*;" it portrayed in simple but vivid language the singular fate of an educated and roving Frenchman, of the name of Cadieux, on the banks of the Ottawa River, close to *Portage du Fort*. But I fancy I hear an inquisitive lady friend ask: "Who was Cadieux? What brought him out to Canada? Was it to escape a *lettre de cachet*, or was it a *blasé*, *Court roué*, or a disappointed lover, seeking oblivion or concealment in the fastnesses of a Canadian forest, like the old Hermit of the Island of St. Barnabé?" Lady fair, I cannot say; I can only translate for you the history of the solitary tomb, which you can visit any day you like, near *Portage du Fort*, as Dr. Taché has related it.

Evidently, Cadieux must have united to bravery, and a romantic mind, a poetical genius: he finds his place amongst that resolute band of intelligent pioneers, the Marsollets, the Coutures, the Nicolets, etc., who were sometimes employed by government, sometimes by the missionaries, to interpret the various Indian dialects. Dr. Taché, to whom we are indebted for the narrative of Cadieux in his *Forrestiers et Voyageurs*, tells us that he himself had frequently, in the course of his extended travels in the back-woods of Canada, heard detached stanzas of this mysterious wail of suffering and death, but until recently, the singular tradition, as embodied in poetry, had, as a whole, constantly eluded his grasp. Nor was he alone in his efforts to rescue it from oblivion; an old and indefatigable searcher of the past, the venerable Abbé Ferland, had diligently set to work, making enquiry in every quarter, writing even to the Red River settlement for information. To the pleasing writer of *Les Forrestiers et Voyageurs*, was reserved the satisfaction of graphically recording the old tradition. Audubon himself, when he discovered the magnificent eagle to which he gave the name of the Bird of Washington, did not experience keener pleasure than Dr. Taché on receiving from the lips of his old Indian guide, Morache, the whole *complainte* or song of Cadieux.

"In ascending," says he, "the great River Ottawa, one has to stop at the rock of the high mountain, situate in the middle of the *portage* of the seven *chutes*, at the foot of the island of the *Grand Calumet*: it is there that lies Cadieux's tomb, surrounded to this day by a wooden railing. Each time the Company's canoes pass the little rock, an old *voyageur* relates to his younger companions the fate of the brave interpreter.

"Cadieux was a roving interpreter, who had married a young Algonquin girl: he generally spent the summer hunting, and in winter he would purchase furs for the traders. After a winter thus passed by Cadieux at the *portage*, where he and the other families had their wigwams, it had been decided in May to wait for other Indian tribes who had furs for sale, and then all were to come down to Montreal. Profound peace existed in the settlement, when one day a young Indian, who had been roaming about, close to the rapids lower down than the *portage*, rushed back out of breath and shouted amongst the affrighted occupants of the huts: Nattaoué! Nattaoué!! The Iroquois! the Iroquois!!

"There was in reality at that moment, lower than the rapids of the Seven Falls, a party of Iroquois warriors, waiting to pounce upon the canoes, who generally descended at that season loaded with skins: one only chance of escape remained, that was to attempt to bring the canoes through the rapids—a hopeless project, it had ever been considered. This was not all: it would be necessary to station some parties in the woods in order, by firing, to draw off the attention of the Iroquois from the desperate attempt which would be made to go through the rapids and prevent pursuit. Cadieux, being the ablest and most resolute of the tribe, choose a young Algonquin warrior to accompany him in this perilous service: it was settled that once the interpreter and his comrade should have succeeded to inveigle the Iroquois in the woods, they would try a circuitous route, and attempt to join their own friends who were to send after them, should they be too long absent.

"Preparations being made for a start, it was settled that Cadieux and the Algonquin warrior, well armed, would go towards the Iroquois encampment, and that the sign for the canoes to break cover and start on their fearful race, would be the firing of their guns. Soon the report of a fire-arm was heard in the distance; it was followed by three

or four others in quick succession ; on went the frail birch canoes, amidst the foam and rocks, flying like sea birds, over the boiling caldron ; it was a race for dear life, the extraordinary and superhuman skill of the red skins alone, under Providence, saving them from death in a thousand shapes."

" ' I saw nothing during our passage over the rapids,' said Cadieux's wife, a pious woman, ' but the form of a *tall lady in white* hovering over the canoes and showing us the way.' They had invoked Ste. Anne, the patron saint of the mariner.

" The canoes escaped and safely arrived at the Lake of Two Mountains ; but Cadieux and his devoted follower—what had become of them ? This was ascertained some time after by the party sent to their rescue, and from the Iroquois themselves.

" Cadieux had quietly watched for the Iroquois at the *portage*, placing himself about an acre from his colleague, allowing the Iroquois scouts to penetrate to the centre of the *portage*, he waited for the death yell of one of them, shot by his helpmate, and then fired with unerring aim : the war-whoop resounds, and the Iroquois fancying that they are attacked by a large party of the enemy, separate and charge in different directions. It is supposed that the young Algonquin fell here in attempting to join Cadieux, as was agreed on. For three days the blood-thirsty aborigines scoured the woods to find out traces of the encampment, never thinking for a moment that the enemy had been fool-hardy enough to attempt descending through the rapids. For three days and nights they searched for Cadieux, and these were sleepless nights for the white man ! Foiled in their object, they retraced their steps and returned to their canoes. Several days had elapsed, and as no tidings of Cadieux came, a party was formed and sent to scour the woods ; traces of the Iroquois were unmistakeable, and indications also of the presence of Cadieux in the vicinity. At the *Portage des Sept Chutes*, they noticed a small hut of branches which, apparently, had been abandoned ; they passed it without much search and continued their route, thinking that perhaps Cadieux might have been compelled to ascend the Ottawa and take refuge with the Indians of the island. Two days later—it was the thirteenth day after the skirmish—they noticed, with surprise, on their return, on repassing what had previously appeared to them an abandoned hut, a small cross. It stood at the head

of a fresh grave, on the surface ; in it, was deposited the corpse, still fresh, of Cadieux, half covered with green branches. His hands were clasped over his chest on which rested a large sheet of birch bark. The general opinion was, on reading the writing scribbled on the bark, and from other circumstances, that exhaustion, hunger, and anxiety had produced on the unfortunate interpreter that kind of mental excitement or hallucination which the French Canadians call *la folie des bois*, one of its peculiarities being the propensity its victims have in the woods of walking, unintentionally, in a circle and without making any progress. Cadieux had, doubtless, lived on wild fruit, never daring to light a fire, for fear of betraying his place of concealment to his merciless foes. He had grown weaker and weaker daily ; when the relief party had passed the hut two days previously, he had recognized them as friends, but the sudden joy at the prospect of a speedy deliverance was so great that it made him speechless and inanimate ; that when they passed him, seeing the last hope vanish, and feeling his strength fail, he had scribbled his adieux to the living and then prepared his last resting place ; this done, and the cross erected, he laid himself down to sleep the long slumber of death, covering his body as best he could with spruce boughs. Cadieux was a *voyageur*, a poet, and a warrior. What he had written on the bark was his dirge, his funeral chaunt. Before lying himself down to rest, he, whose imagination revelled in nature's grand scenery, and who could write *songs for voyageurs*, feeling a return of the sacred fire, embodied in verse his own dirge.

"This *chaunt*, by its simplicity, is very attractive ; it is much in the style of the old Norman ballads imported in the colony by the first settlers. The dying bard addresses himself to the objects which surround him, telling them of his regret for quitting life ; then, physical pain wrings from him a groan of anguish which is followed by a sorrowful thought at the loss of those nearest and dearest to his heart. He then next expresses his apprehension on witnessing smoke rise from his hut not far distant—then tells of the intense joy he experienced on recognizing the features of friends in the party sent out to rescue him—of his utter inability to shout out where he is—and of the pang which their final departure cost him. Cadieux next sees a wolf and a raven prowling round his emaciated frame ; the ardor of the hunter and of the

backwoodsman fires his eye for a second, he threatens to shoot one; to the other he cries *avaunt!* go and feast on the bodies of the Iroquois I have slain near by. He next charges the song sparrow (the *Rossignol*) to convey his *adieux* to his wife and his 'well-beloved children,' then winds up by an invocation to the Virgin Mary. The piece of bark on which Cadieux's death song was written was brought to the post of the Lake of Two Mountains. The *voyageurs* have set it to a plaintive melody, well suited to a lay intended to portray the arduous life of a hunter and Indian warrior. It runs thus:—

“ Petit rocher de la Haute montagne,  
Je viens finir ici cette campagne!  
Ah! doux échos, entendez mes soupirs;  
En languissant je vais bientôt mourir.

Petits oiseaux, vos douces harmonies,  
Quand vous chantez, me rattachent à la vie:  
Ah! si j'avais des ailes comme vous,  
Je s'rais heureux avant qu'il fut deux jours!

Seul en ces bois, que j'ai eu de soucis!  
Pensant toujours à mes si chers amis;  
Je demandais: Hélas! sont-ils noyés?  
Les Iroquois les auraient-ils tués?

Un de ces jours que m'étant éloigné,  
En revenant je vis une fumée;  
Je me suis dit: Ah! grand Dieu, qu'est ceci?  
Les Iroquois m'ont-ils pris mon logis?

Je me suis mis un peu à l'embassade,  
Afin de voir si c'était embuscade;  
Alors je vis trois visages français,  
M'ont mis le cœur d'une trop grande joie!

Mes genoux plient, ma faible voix s'arrête;  
Je tombe. . . . Hélas! à partir ils s'apprêtent;  
Je reste seul. . . . Pas un qui me console,  
Quand la mort vient par un si grand désolè!

Un loup hurlant vient près de ma cabane,  
Voir si mon feu n'avait plus de boucane ;  
Je lui ai dit : Retire-toi d'ici ;  
Car, par ma foi, je percerai ton habit !

Un noir corbeau, volant à l'aventure,  
Vient se percher tout près de ma toiture ;  
Je lui ai dit : Mangeur de chaire humaine,  
Va-t'en chercher autre viande que mienne ;

Va-t'en là-bas, dans ces bois et marais,  
Tu trouveras plusieurs corps Iroquois :  
Tu trouveras des chairs, aussi des os ;  
Va-t'en plus loin, laisse-moi en repos !

Rossignolet, va dire à ma maîtresse,\*  
A mes enfants qu'un adieu je leur laisse,  
Que j'ai gardé mon amour et ma foi,  
Et désormais faut renoncer à moi !

C'est donc ici que le mond' m'abandonne,  
Mais j'ai secours en vous, Sauveur des hommes !  
Très-Sainte Vierge, ah ! m'abandonnez pas,  
Permettez-moi d'mourir entre vos bras ! ' "

---

\* This word, in old Canadian songs, is used for wife or betrothed.

# A Visit to Chateau-Bigot.

4TH JUNE, 1863.

## CHAPTER II.

"Selma, thy halls are desolate!"

*Ossian.*

"Ensconced 'mid trees this chateau stood—  
'Mid flowers each aisle and porch;  
At eve soft music charmed the ear—  
High blazed the festive torch.

But, ah! a sad and mournful tale  
Was her's who so enjoyed  
The transient bliss of these fair shades—  
By youth and love decoyed.

Her lord was true—yet he was false,  
False—false—as sin and hell—  
To former plights and vows he gave  
To one that loved him well."

*The Hermitage.*

FROM time immemorial an antique and massive ruin, standing in solitary loneliness, in the centre of a clearing at the foot of the Charlesbourg mountain, some five miles from Quebec, has been visited by the young and the curious. The lofty mountain to the north-west of it is called *La Montagne des Ormes*, and the Charlesbourg peasantry designate the ruin as *La Maison de la Montagne*. The English of Quebec have christened it *The Hermitage*, whilst to the French portion of the population it is known as Chateau-Bigot, or Beaumanoir; and truly, were it not on account of the associations which surround the time worn pile, few indeed would take the trouble to go and look at the dreary object.

The land on which it stands was formerly included in the *Fief de la Trinité*, granted between 1640 and 1650 to Bishop Denis. This seigniorship was subsequently sold to Monseigneur de Laval, a descendant of the Montmorency's, who founded in 1663 the Seminary of Quebec, and one of the most illustrious prelates in New France: the portion towards the mountain was dismembered. When the Intendant Talon

formed his Baronie Des Islets,\* he annexed to it certain lands of the *Fief de la Trinité*, amongst others that part on which now stand the remains of the old chateau, of which he seems to have been the builder, but which he subsequently sold. Bigot, having acquired it long after, enlarged and improved it very much. He was a luxurious French gentleman who, some hundred years ago, held the exalted post of Intendant or Administrator under the French Crown, in Canada.† In

\* May, 1675, Louis the XIV and Colbert granted to Monsieur le Comte Talon, Intendant, the Seigniorie des Ilets, "together with those neighboring villages to us belonging, the first called Bourg Royal, the second Bourg la Reine, the third, Bourg Talon, subsequently changed into the Barony of Orsainville."

† Hawkins's Picture of Quebec will give us an idea of the splendour in which the Intendant lived in his town residence :

"Immediately through Palace Gate, turning towards the left, and in front of the Ordinance building: and store-houses, once stood an edifice of great extent, surrounded by a spacious garden looking towards the River St. Charles, and as to its interior decorations, far more splendid than the Castle of St. Lewis. It was the Palace of the Intendant, so called, because the sittings of the Sovereign Council were held there, after the establishment of the Royal Government in New France. A small district adjoining is still called *Le Palais* by the old inhabitants, and the name of the gate, and of the well-proportioned street which leads to it, are derived from the same origin.

"The Intendant's Palace was described by La Potherie, in 1698, as consisting of eighty *toises*, or four hundred and eighty feet of buildings, so that it appeared a little town in itself. The King's stores were kept there. Its situation does not at the present time appear advantageous, but the aspect of the River St. Charles was widely different in those days. The property in the neighborhood belonged to the Government, or to the Jesuits; large meadows and flowery pastures adorned the banks of the River, and reached the base of the rock; and as late as the time of Charlevoix, in 1720, that quarter of the city is spoken of as being the most beautiful. The entrance was into a court, through a large gateway, the ruins of which, in St. Vallier Street, still remain.

"The buildings formed nearly a square; in front of the river were spacious gardens, and on the sides the King's store-houses. Beyond the Palace, towards the west, were the pleasing grounds of the Jesuits, and of the General Hospital. This building, like most of the public establishments of Quebec, went through the ordeal of fire, and was afterwards rebuilt with greater attention to comfort and embellishment. In September, 1712, M. Bégon arrived as Intendant, with a splendid equipage, rich furniture, plate and apparel, befitting his rank. He was accompanied by his wife, a young lady lately married, whose valuable jewels were the general admiration. A fire, which it was found impossible to extinguish, broke out in the night of the 5th January, 1713, and burned so rapidly, that the Intendant and his lady, with difficulty escaped in their *robes de chambres*. The loss of the Intendant was stated at forty thousand crowns. The Palace was afterwards rebuilt in a splendid style by M. Bégon, at the King's expense. The following is its description, given by Charlevoix, in 1720, a few years afterwards. 'The Intendant's house is called the Palace, because the Superior Council assemblies in it. This is a large pavilion, the two extremities of which project some feet; and to which you ascend by a double flight of stairs. The garden front which faces the little river, which is very nearly on a level with it, is much more agreeable than that by which you enter. The King's magazine faces the court on the right side, and behind that is the prison. The gate by which you enter is hid by the mountain on which the Upper Town stands, and which on this side affords no prospect, except that of a steep rock.'

"The Intendant's Palace was neglected as a place of official residence after the conquest in 1759. In 1775, it was occupied by a detachment of the American invading army, and destroyed by the fire of the garrison. The only remains at present are a private house, the gateway alluded to above, and several stores belonging to Government, formed by repairing some of the old French buildings. The whole is now known by the name of the King's woodyard." Since this has been written, extensive wharves have been constructed by the Corporation of Quebec. The reader is also reminded not to confound the Intendant Bégon with his successor, Bigot.



those days the forests which skirted the city were abundantly stocked with game: deer of several varieties, bears, foxes, perhaps even that noble and lordly animal, now extinct in Lower Canada, the Canadian stag, or Wapiti, roamed in herds over the Laurentian chain of mountains and were shot within a few miles of the Château St. Louis. This may have been one of the chief reasons why the French Lucullus erected the old castle, which to this day bears his name—a resting place for himself and friends after the chase. The profound seclusion of the spot, combined with its beautiful scenery, would have rendered it attractive during the summer months, even without the sweet repose it had in store for a tired hunter. Tradition ascribes to it other purposes, and amusements less permissible than those of the chase. A tragical occurrence enshrines the old building with a tinge of mystery, which only awaits the pen of a novelist to weave out of it a thrilling romance.

François Bigot, thirteenth and last Intendant of the Kings of France in Canada, was born in the province of Guienne, and descended of a family distinguished by professional eminence at the French bar. He had previously filled the post of Intendant in Louisianna, and also at Louisbourg. The disaffection and revolt which his rapacity caused in that city, were mainly instrumental in producing its downfall and surrender to the English commander, Pepperell, in 1744. Living at a time when tainted morals and official corruption flourished at court, he seems to have taken his standard of morality from the mother country: his malversations in office, his gigantic frauds on the treasury, his colossal speculations in provisions and commissariat supplies furnished by the French government to the colonists during a famine; his dissolute conduct and final downfall, are fruitful themes wherefrom the historian can draw wholesome lessons for his generation. Whether his Charlesbourg (then called Bourg Royal) castle was used as the receptacle of some of his most valuable booty, or whether it was a kind of Lilliputian *Parc au Cerfs*, such as his royal master had, tradition does not say. It would appear, however, that it was built and kept up by the plunder wrung from sorrowing colonists, and that the large profits he made by pairings from the scanty pittance the French government allowed the starving residents, were here lavished in gambling, riot and luxury.

In May, 1757, the population of Quebec was reduced to subsist on four ounces of bread per diem, one lb. of beef, HORSE-FLESH or COD

FISH; and in April of the following year, this miserable allowance was reduced to one-half. "At this time," remarks our historian, Mr. Garneau, "famished men were seen sinking to the earth in the streets from exhaustion."

Such were the times during which \* Louis the XV.'s minion would retire to his Sardanapalion retreat, to revel at leisure on the life-blood of the Canadian people, whose welfare he had sworn to watch over! Such were the doings in the colony in the days of La Pompadour. The results of this misrule were soon apparent: *the British lion quietly and firmly placed his paw on the coveted morsel*. The loss of Canada was viewed in France with indifference, and to use the terms of one of Her Majesty's ministers, when its fate and possible loss were canvassed one century later in the British Parliament, "without apprehension or regret." Voltaire gave his friends a banquet at Ferney, in commemoration of the event; the court favorite congratulated majesty, that since he had got rid of these "fifteen hundred leagues of frozen country," he had now a chance of sleeping in peace; the minister Choiseul urged Louis the XV. to sign the final treaty of 1763, saying that Canada would be *un embarras* to the English, and that if they were wise they would have nothing to do with it. In the meantime the red cross of St. George was waiving over the battlements on which the lily-spangled banner of Louis XV.† had proudly sat with but one interruption for one hundred and fifty-years, and the infamous Bigot was provisionally consigned to a dungeon in the Bastille—subsequently tried and exiled to Bordeaux; his property was confiscated, whilst his confederates and abettors, such as Varin, Bréard, Maurin, Corpron, Martel, Estèbe and others, were also tried and punished with fine, imprisonment and confiscation: one Penisseault, a government clerk (a butcher's son by birth), who had

\* Those were times in which royalty did not shine forth in a peculiarly bright effulgence. On one side of the English Channel loomed out the handsome but effeminate figure of the French Sultan, Louis XV., revelling undisturbed in the scented bowers of his harem, the *Parc aux Cerfs*, *La Pompadour* and *La Dubarry* managing state matters; on the other, a Brunswicker, one who, we are told, "had neither dignity, learning, morals, nor wit—who tainted a great society by a bad example; who, in youth, manhood, old age, was gross, low and sensual:"—although Mr. Porteus (afterwards My Lord Bishop Porteus) says the earth was not good enough for him, and that his only place was heaven!—whose closing speech to his dying, loving, true-hearted Queen is thus related by Thackeray: "With the film of death over her eyes, writhing in intolerable pain, she yet had a livid smile and a gentle word for her master. You have read the wonderful history of that death-bed? How she bade him marry again, and the reply the old King blubbered out, '*Non, non, j'aurai des maîtresses.*' There never was such a ghastly farce."—(*The Four Georges.*)

† In 1629, when Quebec surrendered to Kertk,

married in the colony, but whose pretty wife accompanied the Chevalier de Levis on his return to France, seems to have fared better than the rest.

But to revert to the chateau walls, as I saw them on the 4th of June, 1863

After a ramble with some friends through the woods, which gave us an opportunity of providing ourselves with wild flowers to strew over the tomb of "Fair Rosamond," such as the marsh marygold, clintonia uvularia, the starflower, veronica, kalmia, trillium, and Canadian violets, we unexpectedly struck on the old ruin. One of the first things which attracted notice was the singularly corroding effect the easterly wind has on stone and mortar in Canada: the east gable being indented and much more eaten away than that exposed to the western blast. Of the original structure nothing is now standing but the two gables and the division walls; they are all three of immense thickness, and certainly no modern house is built in the manner this seems to have been; it must have had two stories high, with rooms in the attic and a deep cellar: a communication existed from one cellar to the other through the division wall. There is also visible a very small door cut through the cellar wall of the west gable; it leads to a vaulted apartment of some eight feet square: the small mound of masonry which covered it might have originally been effectually hidden from view by a plantation of trees over it. What could this have been built for? Was it intended to secure some of the Intendant's plate or other portion of his ill-gotten treasures? Or else as the Abbé Ferland suggests:\* "Was it to store the

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\* I am indebted to my old friend the Abbé Ferland for the following remark: "I visited Chateau-Bigot during the summer of 1834. It was in the state described by Mr. Rapineau. In the interior, the walls were still partly papered. It must not be forgotten that about the beginning of this century, a club of *Bons-vivants* used to meet frequently in the Chateau." [Three celebrated clubs flourished here long before the Stadacona and St. James' Club were thought of. The first was formed in Quebec, about the beginning of this century. It was originally called, says Lambert, the Beef Steak Club, which name it soon changed for that of the Barons Club. It consisted of twenty-one members, "who are chiefly the principal merchants in the colony, and are styled barons. As the members drop off, their places are supplied by knights elect, who are not installed as barons until there is a sufficient number to pay for the entertainment which is given on that occasion." J. Lambert, during the winter of 1807, attended one of the banquets of installation, which was given in the Union Hotel (now the public Offices, facing the Place d'Armes.) The Hon. Mr. Dunn, the President of the Province, and Administrator, during the absence of Sir Robert Milnes, attended as the oldest baron. The Chief Justice and all the principal officers of the government, civil and military, were present. This entertainment cost 250 guineas. The other club went under the appropriate name of "Sober Club"—*lucus a non lucendo* perhaps: it flourished about 1811; we believe one of the By-laws enacted that the members were expected to get tight at least once a year, and be content with appearing sober, and use *silent spirit* the rest of the time. It seems to me more than likely that it was the Club of Barons, and not the Sober Club, who caroused under the romantic walls of the Hermitage. The third Club flourished at Montreal; it took the name of the Beaver Club, and was, I believe, composed of old *Northwesters*.]

fruity old Port and sparkling Moselle of the club of the barons, who held jovial meetings there about the beginning of this century?" Was it his mistresses' secret and subterranean *boudoir* when the Intendant's lady visited the château? *Quien sabe?* Who can unravel the mystery? It may have served for the foundation of the tower which existed when Mr. Papineau visited and described the place thirty-two years ago. The heavy cedar rafters, more than one hundred years old, are to this day sound: one has been broken by the fall, probably, of some heavy stones. There are several indentures in the walls for fire-places, which are built with cut masonry; from the angle of one a song sparrow flew out, uttering its anxious note. We searched and discovered the bird's nest, with five spotted, dusky eggs in it; how strange! in the midst of ruin and decay, the sweet emblems of hope, love and harmony! What cared the child of song if her innocent offspring were reared amidst these mouldering relics of the past, mayhap a guilty past? She could teach them to warble sweetly, even from the roof which echoed the dying sigh of the Algonquin maid. Red alder trees grew rank and vigorous amongst the disjointed masonry, which had crumbled from the walls to the cellar; no trace existed of the wooden staircase mentioned by Mr. Papineau; the timber of the roof had rotted away or been used for camp-fires by those who frequent and fish the elfish stream which winds its way over a pebbly bottom towards Beauport—well stocked with small trout, which seem to breed in great numbers in the dam near the château.

Those who wish to visit the Hermitage, are strongly advised to take the cart road which leads from the Charlesbourg church, turning up near the house of a man named Charles Paquet. Pedestrians will prefer the other route; they can, in this case, leave their vehicle at Mrs. Huot's boarding-house, — a little higher than the church of Charlesbourg, — and then walk through the fields skirting, during greater part of the road, the beautiful brook I have previously mentioned; but by all means *let them take a guide* with them. I shall now translate and condense, from the interesting narrative of a visit paid to the Hermitage in 1831, by Mr. Amédée Papineau and his talented father, the Hon. L. J. Papineau, the legend which attaches to it:

## THE LEGEND.

"We drove," says Mr. Papineau, jun., "with our vehicle to the very foot of the mountain. and there took a foot-path which led us through a dense wood; we encountered and crossed a rivulet, and then ascended a plateau cleared of wood, a most enchanting place; behind us and on our right was a thick forest; on our left the eye rested on boundless green fields, diversified\* with golden harvests and with the neat white cottages† of the peasantry; in the distance was visible the broad and placid St. Lawrence, at the foot of the citadel of Quebec, and also the shining cupolas and tin roofs of the city houses; in front of us a confused mass of ruins, crenelated walls embedded in moss and rank grass, together with a tower half destroyed, beams, and the mouldering remains of a roof. After viewing the *tout ensemble*, we attentively examined each portion in detail—every fragment was interesting to us; we with difficulty made our way over the wall, ascending the upper stories by a staircase which creaked and trembled under our weight. With the assistance of a lighted candle we penetrated into the damp and cavernous cellars, carefully exploring every nook and corner, listening to the sound of our footsteps, and occasionally startled by the rustling of bats which we disturbed in their dismal retreat. I was young, and consequently very impressionable. I had just left college; these extraordinary sounds and objects would at times make me feel very uneasy. I pressed close to my father, and dared scarcely breathe; the remembrance of this subterranean exploration will not easily be forgotten. What were my sensations when I saw a tombstone! the reader can imagine. 'Here we are, at

\* If the unrivalled scenery and happy peasantry of the Quebec district gladdened the heart of Mr. Papineau in 1831, how much more pleased he would be to witness the rapid strides in worldly wealth of the same peasantry since that date. One of those "neat white cottages," whose trim appearance struck him thirty years ago, now shelters under its roof the Rothschild of Canadian *habitants*, Monsieur Alexis Derousselle, who has succeeded in accumulating some £300,000, invested—not in stock of bogus banks—not in railroad shares, nor in bonds of cities brought into Chancery, but in substantial seven and eight per cent. *Baillleurs de Fonds*, in Montreal *Banque du Peuple* and *Banque Nationale* shares. M. Derousselle began life as a servant—he is entirely uneducated. Three hundred thousand pounds for a Lower Canada *habitant*! why this will do. Scores of peasants, who sport their simple *etoffe du pays* coats, are worth their £15,000; but who knows? who, perhaps, cares? Is it not customary to make the *habitant* a bye-word for abuse? Pray how many dozen rich western farmers could old Derousselle purchase?

† It is painful to watch the successive inroads perpetrated by sportsmen and idlers on the old Chateau. In 1819, an old Quebecer, Mr. Wyse, visited it; doors, verandah, windows and everything else was complete. He, too, lost his way in the woods, but found it again without the help of an Indian beauty. It was then known as the haunted house, supposed to contain a deal of French treasure, and called *La Maison du Bourg Royal*.

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last!' exclaimed my father, and echo repeated his words. Carefully did we view this monument; presently we detected the letter 'C,' nearly obliterated by the action of time; after remaining there a few moments, to my unspeakable delight we made our exit from this chamber of death, and, stepping over the ruins, we again alighted on the green sward; evidently where we stood had formerly been a garden: we could still make out the avenues, the walks and plots, over which plum, lilac and apple trees grew wild.

"I had not yet uttered a word, but my curiosity getting the better of my fear, I demanded an explanation of this mysterious tombstone. My father beckoned me towards a shady old maple; we both sat on the turf, and he then spoke as follows:—You have, no doubt, my son, heard of a French Intendant, of the name of Bigot, who had charge of the public funds in Canada somewhere about the year 175—; you have also read how he squandered these moneys and how his Christian Majesty had him sent to the Bastille when he returned to France, and had his property confiscated. All this you know. I shall now tell you what, probably, you do not know. This Intendant attempted to lead in Canada the same dissolute life which the old *noblesse* led in France before the French Revolution had *levelled* all classes. He it was who built this country seat, of which you now contemplate the ruins. Here he came to seek relaxation from the cares of office; here he prepared entertainments to which the rank and fashion of Quebec, including its Governor General, eagerly flocked: nothing was wanting to complete the *éclat* of this *little Versailles*. Hunting was a favorite pastime of our ancestors, and Bigot was a mighty hunter. As active as a chamois, as daring as a lion was this indefatigable Nimrod, in the pursuit of bears and moose.

"On one occasion, when tracking with some sporting friends an old bear whom he had wounded, he was led over mountainous ridges and ravines, very far from the castle. Nothing could restrain him; on he went in advance of every one, until the bloody trail brought him on the wounded animal, which he soon despatched.

"During the chase the sun had gradually sunk over the western hills; the shades of evening were fast descending: how was the lord of the manor to find his way back? He was alone in a thick forest: in this emergency his heart did not fail him,—he hoped by the light of the moon to be able to find his way to his stray companions. Wearily he

walked on, ascending once or twice a high tree, in order to see further but all in vain : soon the unpleasant conviction dawned on him that like others in similar cases, he had been walking round a circle. Worn out and exhausted with fatigue and hunger, he sat down to ponder on what course he should adopt. The Queen of Night, at that moment shedding her silvery rays around, only helped to show the hunter how hopeless was his present position. Amidst these mournful reflections, his ear was startled by the sound of footsteps close by : his spirits rose at the prospect of help being at hand ; soon he perceived the outlines of a moving white object. Was it a phantom which his disordered imagination had conjured up ? Terrified, he seized his trusty gun and was in the act of firing, when the apparition, rapidly advancing towards him, assumed quite a human form : a light figure stood before him with eyes as black as night, and raven tresses flowing to the night wind ; a spotless garment enveloped in its ample folds this airy and graceful spectre. Was it a sylph, the spirit of the wilderness ? Was it Diana, the goddess of the chase, favoring one of her most ardent votaries with a glimpse of her form divine ? It was neither : it was an Algonquin beauty, one of those ideal types whose white skin betray their hybrid origin—a mixture of European blood with that of the aboriginal race. It was Caroline, a child of love borne on the shores of the great Ottawa river : a French officer was her sire, and the powerful Algonquin tribe of the Beaver claimed her mother.

“ The Canadian Nimrod, struck at the sight of such extraordinary beauty, asked her name, and after relating his adventure, he begged of her to show him the way to the castle in the neighborhood, as she must be familiar with every path of the forest. Such is the story told of the first meeting between the Indian beauty and the Canadian Minister of Finance and Feudal Judge in the year 175—

“ The Intendent was a \*married man : his lady resided in the Capital of Canada ; she seldom accompanied her husband on his hunting excursions, but soon it was whispered that something more than the pursuit of wild animals attracted him to his country seat : an intrigue with a beautiful creole was hinted at. These discreditable rumors came to the ears of her ladyship : she made several visits to the castle in hopes of verifying her worst fears : jealousy is a watchful sentinel.

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\* Error—he was a bachelor.



"The Intendant's dormitory was on the ground floor of the building: it is supposed the Indian beauty occupied a secret apartment on the flat above; that her boudoir was reached through a long and narrow passage ending with a secret staircase opening on the large room which overlooked the garden.

"Let us now see what took place on this identical spot on the 2nd July, 175—. It is night; the hall clock has just struck eleven; the silvery murmur of the neighboring brook, gently wafted on the night wind, is scarcely audible: the \*song sparrow has nearly finished his evening hymn, while the †*Sweet Canada* bird, from the top of an old pine, merrily peels forth his shrill clarion; silence the most profound pervades the whole castle; every light is extinguished; the pale rays of the moon slumber softly on the oak floor, reflected as they are through the gothic windows; every inmate is wrapped in sleep, even fair Rosamond who has just retired. Suddenly her door is violently opened; a masked person, with one bound, rushes to her bed-side, and without saying a word, plunges a dagger to the hilt in her heart: uttering a piercing shriek, the victim falls heavily on the floor. The Intendant, hearing the noise, hurries up stairs, when the unhappy girl has just time to tell how she has been murdered, points to the fatal weapon, still in the wound, and then falls in his arms a lifeless corpse. The whole household are soon on foot; search is made for the murderer, but no clue is discovered. Some of the inmates fancied they had seen the figure of a woman rush down the secret stair and disappear in the woods about the time the murder took place. A variety of stories got in circulation; some pretend to trace the crime to the Intendant's wife, whilst others allege that the avenging mother of the creole is the assassin; some again said that Caroline's father had attempted to wipe off the stain on the honor of his tribe, by himself despatching his erring child. A profound mystery to this day surrounds the whole transaction. Caroline was buried in the cellar of the castle, and the letter 'C' engraved on her tombstone, which, my son, you have just seen."

I now visit this spot several years after the period mentioned in this narrative. I search in vain for several of the leading characteristics on which Mr. Papineau descants so eloquently: time, the great des-

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\* *Melospiza melodia*.  
 † *Zonotrichia albicollis*.



troyer, has obliterated many traces. Nothing meets my view but mouldering walls, over which green moss and rank weeds cluster profusely. Unmistakable indications of a former garden there certainly are, such as the outlines of walks over which French cherry, apple and gooseberry trees grow in wild luxuriance. I take home from the ruins a piece of bone; this decayed piece of mortality may have formed part of Caroline's big toe, for aught I can establish to the contrary; Chateau-Bigot brings back to my mind other remembrances of the past. I recollect reading that pending the panic consequent on the surrender of Quebec in 1759, the non-combatants of the city crowded within its walls; this time not to ruralize, but to seek concealment until Mars had inscribed another victory on the British flag. I would not be prepared to swear that later, when Arnold and Montgomery had possession of the environs of Quebec, during the greater portion of the winter of 1775-6, some of those prudent English merchants (Adam Lymburner at their head), who awaited at Charlesbourg and Beauport the issue of the contest, did not take a quiet drive to Chateau-Bigot, were it only to indulge in a philosophical disquisition on the mutability of human events; nor must I forget the jolly pic-nics the barons held there some sixty years ago.\*

On quitting these silent halls, from which the light of other days has departed, and from whence the voice of revelry seems to have fled for ever, I recrossed the little brook, already mentioned, musing on the past. The solitude which surrounds the dwelling and the tomb of the dark-haired child of the wilderness, involuntarily brought to mind that beautiful passage of Ossian,† relating to the daughter of Reuthamir, the "white bosomed" Moina:—"I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls: and the voice of the people is heard no more. The thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house. .... Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us: for one day we must fall."

\* The Hon. Mr. Dunn, Administrator of the Province in 1807, was the senior baron; Hons. Mathew Bell, John Stewart, Messrs. Muir, Irvine, McNaught, Grey Stewart, Munro, Finlay, Lymburner, Paynter; these names were doubtless also to be found amongst the Canadian barons; the Hon. Chas. De Lanaudiere, a general in the Hungarian service, was the only French Canadian member.

† Book of Carthon.

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## Crumbs of Comfort for Lawyers.

### CHAPTER III.

**A**MONGST the innumerable feudal burthens and mediæval cobwebs which time or legislation have successively swept away in European communities, there was a seigniorial privilege which, to say the least, was of rather doubtful propriety. It was one of those rights which one would be more apt to look for under the heading of *Droits Honorifiques*, than under that of *Droit Utiles*. French writers designate it as *Droit de Jambage, Prélibration*, &c., and as I do not care to be too explicit in describing it, it will suffice to say that it had for its object, as many pretend, to confer on the lord of the manor the same right which some royal lotharios in France claimed in those marriage contracts "où le Roi a signé." No data have yet been found whereby to establish that it ever existed in the colony: the chances are, that in such cases the Canadian seigneur would have fared as badly as those Piedmontese nobles, who, for a like attempt were, according to Guyot,\* summarily hooted out of the kingdom. That this right—high prerogative, if you prefer—which might have suited old King Solomon, appears in charters and grants, there can be no doubt: and although we do not see that the Seigniorial Tenure Commissioners paid much attention to it, when they recently sifted the matter, taking in consideration the manner in which existing rights have been dealt with, we may make ourselves quite easy that, if it did exist, the \$800,000 provided in the budget of 1862, to indemnify seigniorial rights will be properly applied and distributed.

This right, it has been pretended, is inserted in the land patent of the representatives of a very illustrious Canadian house; I

\* Guyot goes on to say that in times gone by, the clergy claimed an indemnity for commuting this feudal custom. Despeisses also mentions a singular case. If we accept their authority, how thankful we must feel to know that feudalism is dead and buried for ever. What a scandal it would be through the civilized world, if even the bare possibility could exist that the Archbishop of Canterbury, for instance, might claim so many "fat capons" at Michaelmas for refusing to avail himself of such a right!

firmly believe, however, that never, even in his palmiest days, did this seigneur think of availing himself of it. Anomalous as the right may appear, was it a whit less intolerable than several of the manifold exactions which\* free-born Britons quietly endured at home, and abroad in their colonies, where they imported their institutions? Take Massachusetts and the other New England states, for instance; what would a citizen of the model republic now say, were it attempted to resuscitate the ancient order of things? What would be the feelings of a Nova Scotian, were his legislators to revive the tenure under which were originally granted the broad acres on which he prides himself to-day? On the other hand, what a glorious field for law-suits, what green pasturage for Chancery lawyers the interpretation of these old land charters would open! Why! it would be a perfect California for the gentlemen of the long robe.

I shall now submit in a condensed form, an extract from an English royal charter; it is a most dainty tit-bit, which I can commend to the admirers of legal yere. Every one has heard of Nova Scotia knights; indeed, if I am well informed, we have one at present within the precincts of this city. Few are aware of the marvellous array of rights and privileges contained in the charter creating them, granted in 1621 by James I. of England, and confirmed and re-enacted by Charles

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\* I can scarcely forbear a smile when I hear the word mentioned, from its being connected with a very ludicrous recent incident: The enterprising proprietors of the Jacques Cartier Salmon River, desirous of improving their *fish preserve*, had determined to import from England an English game-keeper, to watch over it. John Crisp was the lucky individual: but John was a hard hitter, a pugnacious soul,—the type of the sturdy race which the Norman duke had mercilessly crushed under his iron heel at Hastings: he came in this country with the feelings not of an equal, but of a conqueror, and concluded that as such, he would be exposed to the ill will and vengeance of the descendants of Frenchmen: he depicted to himself the peaceful *habitant* as a blood-thirsty savage, the sworn enemy to his race. Mr. John Crisp was really a singular compound—he vowed everything in Canada was villainous—that the country was unbearable, that he was likely to die soon, as he had not tasted a mug of English porter, or drinkable ale since he left the Thames—the latter insinuation was highly censurable, in several points and more specially disrespectful towards one of his employers. The absence of “London stout” so depressed the spirit of John, that he had to resort to the *wine of the country*, 50. O. P. whisky to keep them up, but all in vain, he unstrung his nerves and, under incipient d...t..., he would rise in the middle of the night and discharge his fowling piece, at two gate posts near his dwelling, swearing horribly at them, and calling them “D.....d French Canadians.” At last he became quite dangerous, and his loyalty to the Queen was one morning abruptly interrupted by one of his English masters, with the help of some *habitant* clapping handcuffs on him, and picketing him for an hour before his tent, with a rope, until he could be removed. His imprecations then became sublime. “To think,” he would exclaim, “of a free-born Briton, picketed before a tent, with manacles on his arms, like a felon, in a Canadian wilderness.” Colonial habits did not suit Mr. John Crisp, and after a short time, the Atlantic steamer re-conveyed him to the land of the free.

I., in 1625, in favor of Sir William Alexander de Menstrie, subsequently made Earl of Sterling. This precious document, written in Latin, covers twenty-four quarto pages. After enumerating the titles of the earl's lands in Nova Scotia, &c., it descends into the most minute particulars concerning the rights vested in him over his vassals and tenants in his extensive domain, which comprised Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton, St. John, Newfoundland, and even the Gaspé district. This royal grant divided Nova Scotia into one hundred and fifty fiefs or seigniories, and conferred on the mighty chieftain (who, by the bye, was also a poet) the power to knight any one who would become the purchaser of any of his lots, which he valued each at two hundred pounds sterling. How pleasant it must have been for the land speculator, on signing his deed of sale, to have the magic words tingling in his ears: "Rise, Sir N. Fortunatus," &c., or other words to the same effect. It has often been my lot to hear intelligent Britons commiserate most feelingly on the intolerable hardships which French charters imposed on the *benighted* French Canadians, but I have not yet had the good fortune to light on a French land patent embodying a greater number of exactions, restrictions and privileges in favor of the lord of the manor than the following charter, sanctioned by two English monarchs:—

"We also grant the possession of houses, buildings erected and to be erected, gardens, valleys, woods, swamps, roads, cross roads, ponds, streams, meadows, pasture lands, mills, the exclusive right to grind corn, the shooting of birds and wild animals, the right to fish, the right to turf and turf lands, coal and coal pits, rabbits and warrens, doves and dove cotes, workshops, forges, heaths, wheat fields, forests, merchantable timber, small trees, quarries, limestone, courts of justice and their dependencies, the right to remit sentences, the right of receiving gifts in marriages, the right to erect gallows and gibbets, the right of *cul de fosse*, the right of *franche court*, of sokman, of sak, of thole, of thane, of infangthief, of outhangthief, of outwark, of wavi, of week, of venysone, of pit and gallous," &c., &c., &c. The Lord have mercy on the poor vassal or tenant who had to comply with all these exactions! it must have been doubtful to him whether his *soul* as well as his body did not belong to the earl, his master.

So much for English charters. I shall now, in order to illustrate one of the peculiar institutions of the country, and for the benefit of

non-legal readers, insert, as a sample, a *donation entre vifs*, in plain English, a Deed of Annuity, which I shall translate from a city paper, the *Courrier du Canada*. This form of donation was formerly and is still used by some country notaries. It is unnecessary to remark what a fruitful source of litigation its contradictory stipulations must have furnished.

Before giving this legal gem, I shall, as a preliminary, relate in a few words what occurred to an English millionaire who had acquired a large tract of land in the country parts of Canada, and who wanted more. Nothing was requisite to round off his estate but a small farm, owned by a very ancient Canadian lady: sell, she would not; but she agreed to dispossess herself if her rich neighbour would allow her an annuity of about £50; this amount was not to be paid in money; it was to be represented by the ordinary conditions of a *donation entre vifs* the preparing of which was left to the village notary,\* as is usual in such cases. When the French document was read, John Bull could make neither head nor tail of it, and instructed the notary to have a literal and exact translation made; it was not quite Addisonian English, but it could be understood; the choleric Englishman restrained himself until the notary public arrived at that stipulation in the deed, whereby the donee (the Englishman) was required to "bind himself to harness the donor's (the old lady's) horse and drive her to the parish church," when, quietly rising from his chair, he collared the notary and kicked him out.

#### AN OLD FRENCH DONATION.

"Amongst other things the donor reserves for his use, an immortal horse, a cow which will never die, a ewe which renews herself forever, at the will of the donor; twenty minots of royal and merchantable wheat, good measure, made into flour, together with the bran, to be

\* The village notary of former days was sometimes quite a character. One of those worthies had formerly "elected domicile" at St. Paul's Bay. His name was S—le. He belonged to the thirsty brotherhood, and was a bit of a wag. His notarial instruments did not always read intelligibly, owing to the fact that, when he was a little tight, his pen would wander beyond the paper, and he would continue to scribble on the wood of the high desk at which he sat with magisterial dignity; a portion of the text would remain there, and he would restore the missing words from memory, when he had to deliver copies. Some of his poor clients were addicted to the low habit—in the eyes of professional men—of *marchandising* (bargaining) about the fees they intended to pay him. There being no help, the notary would quietly put in his pocket the coin of the realm, but slyly insinuate that for such a miserable fee, nothing but a very indifferent deed could be expected—it might hold good, it might not. "Why don't you order a first class one,"—he would say. "You know my charges; one dollar for a first rate deed, warranted; half a dollar for a fair one, which may turn out well, and for a third-class deed a quarter, but a third-class I cannot recommend—you can only expect to have for your money. It is a mere chance if it is good for anything."

deposited in the garret of the donor and nowhere else; a reasonable\* pig weighing 200 lbs. without legs or head, but with its fat, and if any should be wanting, it shall be taken from another reasonable pig of the donee, where the fat is the thickest and where there are no bones; also 15 lbs. of herbs salted, at proper season, and placed in a suitable cask; also each year the young of the cow and of the ewe, whether they have any young or not. The horse, cow and ewe will be renewed when it is necessary, according to the wish and will of the donor, expressed or not expressed. The donee will wait at all times on the donor, in sickness and in health, whether the donor asks him to do so or not; will go and fetch the priest and the physician *in extremis*—will drive them back, even should the donor die. The horse will be harnessed becomingly to a suitable vehicle with cushions and furs, in winter as well as in summer; the donee will be bound to drive the donor to church on Sundays; the donor shall also have a quarter of beef, or cow meat which the donee will kill himself, also a dead lamb, with its dependencies, just as if it were alive. The donor also reserves a bed; but when he dies, he leaves the enjoyment thereof to the donee who will be bound to keep it neat and clean."

As I do not wish the reader to be carried away with the erroneous idea that French Canadian notaries have the monopoly of bad grammar and barbarous phraseology, I shall close this hasty sketch with a curious but literal quotation from a high English authority on the Law of Contracts; it will serve to illustrate what extraordinary gibberish the learned ancestors of Englishmen used to convey their ideas in, and exceeds in quaintness the clauses of a *Donation entre vifs*. "†Si jeco vend chivall que ad null oculus la null action gist, auterment lou il ad un counterfeit, fau et bright eye!" This being interpreted, means: "If I sell a horse that has lost an eye, no action lies against me for so doing; but if I sell him with a false and counterfeit eye, then an action lieth."

\* "Un cochon raisonnable." Very warm discussions used to ensue between donor and donee; one insisted on a fat pig; the other resolutely resisted the introduction of this clause, from the great expense and trouble to fatten the grunter; the notary would then propose, by way of compromise, to insert a "reasonable pig."

† Southerne vs. Howe, Addison on Contracts; American Edition, page 54, the note. It would take me too long to show how, under these apparently incongruous terms, a great deal of sound meaning was conveyed.

## Lord Monck's Residence.

### CHAPTER IV.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

THE reconstruction of the gubernatorial mansion at Spencer Wood, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, affords us an opportunity for saying something about a spot so celebrated for its natural beauty. We cannot do better than publish the following interesting sketch, for which we are indebted to J. M. LeMoine, Esq., of Spencer Grange, the author of the *Ornithology of Canada*:—

#### SPENCER WOOD.

"Along those banks full oft' has peal'd  
The blow of tomahawk on shield,  
As braves rushed on to fight,  
And bow and blade and war-whoop fierce  
Sent all their clamour dread to pierce  
The stilly ear of night."

K. K. K.

The tourist, descending the St. Lawrence, is struck with the number of beautiful villas, which ever and anon, nestling under groves of maple, oak and pine, line the river heights from Cape Rouge, the western extremity of the promontory, to Cape Diamond, the eastern end, which Champlain selected for his capital in 1608—Quebec.

These country seats, without possessing the extent of English noblemen's estates, are in many instances superior to them in point of scenery; they cover, frequently, about one hundred acres, although some (such as Holland Farm and Kilmarnock) have as many as two hundred acres attached to them. In former days a grand military road skirted the river heights, where they are located. Several remains of intrenchments and masonry testify to past strife and to the presence, in days of yore, of the white and the red man, the former sometimes armed with the cross, and bent on an errand of peace and good-fellowship; the latter hunting



for skulls, and tracking relentlessly his fellow-man through forest wilds. It is on record that one of the first missionaries of Canada met with his death in this vicinity, in a most cruel manner, at the hands of the Indians he was christianizing. The Abbé Ferland is of opinion that the scalping scene took place on the very spot on which at present stands Clermont, the Honorable Mr. Justice Caron's residence. Certain it is that long ere the environs of Quebec had derived interest for having been the battle field of European armies, their soil had been frequently crimsoned with the blood of the aboriginal tribes, who used the St. Lawrence and its banks as their great highway. We shall now quote from a paper we previously prepared on this subject.

Among the many lovely sites which dot the banks of the broad St. Lawrence, one above all others has for years back been an unceasing object of admiration to strangers, and a legitimate boast to all Quebec—one might say, to all Canada.

A glorious old manor, comprising at one time a couple of hundred acres, with its luxuriant and primitive growth of forest trees; its unrivalled river scenery, its spacious, sloping, verdant lawn, fit for a ducal residence; its fairy garden plots; its curious artificial devices of tropical plants, clustering under glass, amongst the green foliage of the orange, the fig, and the pine-apple trees, bent down with golden fruit; its luscious sparkling grapes; its crystal fountains, whose sweet murmur blended with the rustling of shady oaks, under the influence of strong winds; its serpentine shady avenues: such was at one time Spencer Wood, for twenty-five years the elegant home of Henry Atkinson, Esq., and afterwards of the Earl of Elgin, whose exquisite entertainments many can yet recall to memory. Spencer Wood is enclosed between two small streams, the *ruisseau* St. Denis and the *ruisseau* Belle Borne, its natural boundaries; these streams have considerably diminished since the time when they were used, two hundred years ago, to propel two mills, then situated in the neighborhood and mentioned in old titles. It was formerly called Powel Place, after General Powel; it was subsequently named Spencer Wood, when the Spencer Percival family owned it: and had been, after the conquest of the country, the residence of the governors.\*

\* Sir James Craig resided in summer at a country house about four or five miles from Quebec, and went to town every morning to transact business. This residence is called Powel Place, and is delightfully situated in a neat plantation, on the border of the bank which overlooks the St. Lawrence, not far from the spot where General Wolfe



These extensive grounds are beautifully diversified by hills and clumps of old oak and maple, and although from the important *reserve* of Spencer Grange, comprising nearly the whole of the road front, when the rest was sold to government in 1854, they can have but little value for small building lots, still for the specific objects to which nature seems to have intended them, they seem to stand unequalled in Canada. It lies beautifully exposed to the morning sun, with a southerly aspect, in which direction it is bounded by perpendicular cliffs at whose feet the noble river sweeps past in majestic grandeur. A great deal remains to be said about the scenery of this spot: two of the most striking objects are two promontaries or points of land, one to the east, the other to the south-west of the property. A pavillion stands on the south-west point, from which many a tea-party was enjoyed in days of yore. Here a most glorious panorama presents itself. It would, however, be difficult to tell whether the view obtained from this point is not surpassed in magnificence by that which can be witnessed from the easterly point.

Spencer Wood is situate in the parish of St. Columba of Sillery, not very far from the ancient Jesuit mission at Sillery, close to Pointe-à-Puiseaux. It therefore possesses, in addition to beautiful scenery, historical recollections connected with some of the greatest events of the colony. Let us hear a grave historian and keen admirer of nature on this subject:—

“A chart of Quebec, by Champlain, exhibits, about a league above the youthful city, a point jutting out into the St. Lawrence, and which is covered with Indian wigwams. Later on, this point received the name of Puiseaux, from the first owner of the Fief St. Michel, bounded by it to the south-west. On this very point at present stands the handsome St. Columba church, surrounded by a village.\*

“Opposite to it is the Lauzon shore, with its river *Bruyante*† (the Etchemin), its shipyards, its numerous shipping, the terminus of the Richmond Railway, the villages and churches of Notre Dame de Lévi,

landed, and ascended to the heights of Abraham. Sir James gave a splendid public breakfast, *al fresco*, at this place, in 1807, to all the principal inhabitants of Quebec; and the following day he allowed his servants, and their acquaintances, to partake of a similar entertainment at his expense.—*J. Lambert's Travels*, 1808, page 310.

Contiguous to this property is the beautiful estate of the Hon. Mr. Percival, called Spencer Wood, formerly known as Powel Place, and which used to be the country residence of the Governor General.—*Bouchette's Typography of Canada*, 1815.

\* Abbé Ferland's Notes on the Environs of Quebec, 1855.

† From the noise it makes before easterly gales.

St. Jean Chrysostôme, and Saint-Romuald. To your right and to the left, the St. Lawrence is visible for some twelve or fifteen miles, covered with inward and outward bound ships. Towards the east, the landscape is closed by Cap Tourmente, twelve leagues distant, and by the cultivated heights of the *Petite Montagne*, and of St Féréol, exhibiting in succession the coast of Beaupré (Beauport, L'Ange Gardiens &c.), the green slopes of the Island of Orleans; Cape Diamond, crowned with its citadel and having at its feet a forest of masts; Abraham's Plains, the Coves and their humming, busy noises; St. Michael Cove-forming a graceful curve from Wolfe's Cove to Pointe-à-Puisseaux. Within this area thrilling events once took place, and round these divers objects, historical souvenirs cluster, recalling some of the most important occurrences in North America: the contest of two powerful nations for the sovereignty of the New World; an important episode of the revolution which gave birth to the adjoining republic. Such were some of the events of which these localities were the theatre. Each square inch of land, in fact, was measured by the footsteps of some of the most remarkable men in the history of America: Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac, Laval, Phipps, d'Iberville, Wolfe, Montcalm, Arnold, Montgomery, have each of them, at some time or other, trod over some part of this expanse

"Close by, in St. Michael's Cove, M. de Maisonneuve and Mademoiselle Mancee passed their first Canadian winter with the colonists intended to found Montreal. Turn your eyes towards the west, and although the panorama is less extensive, still it awakens some glorious memories. At Cap Rouge, Jacques Cartier established his quarters, close to the river edge, the second winter he spent in Canada, and was succeeded in that spot by Roberval, at the head of his ephemeral colony. Near the entrance of the Chaudière river stood the tents of the Abnauquois, the Etchemins, and the Souriquois Indians, when they came from the shores of New England to smoke the *calumet* of peace with their brethren, the French. The river Chaudière in those days was the highway which connected their country with Canada. Closer to Pointe-à-Puisseaux is Sillery Cove, where the Jesuit Fathers were wont to assemble and evangelize the Algonquin and Montagnais Indians, who were desirous of becoming Christians. It was from that spot that the neophytes used to carry the faith to the depths of the forest: it was

here that those early apostles of Christianity congregated before starting with the gladsome tidings for the country of the Hurons, for the shores of the Mississippi, or for the frozen regions of Hudson's Bay. From thence went Father P. Druilletes, the bearer of the words of peace on behalf of the Christians of Sillery, to the Abnaquiois of Kenneleki, and to the Puritans of Boston. Near this same mission of Sillery, Frère Liegeois was massacred by the Iroquois, whilst Father Poncet was carried away a captive by these barbarous tribes.

"Monsieur de Sillery devoted large sums to erect the necessary edifices for the mission, such as a chapel, a missionary residence, an hospital, a fort, houses for new converts, together with the habitations for the French. The d'Auteuil family had their country seat on the hill back of Pointe-à-Puiseaux; and the venerable Madame de Monceau, mother-in-law of the Attorney General Ruette d'Auteuil, was in the habit of residing there, from time to time, in a house she had constructed near the chapel."

It would indeed be a pleasant task to recall all the remarkable events which occurred in this neighborhood. One thing is certain: the cool retreats studding the shores of the St. Lawrence were equally sought for by the wealthy in those days as they have been since by all those who wish to breathe pure air and enjoy the scenery.

If all Canada were ransacked over, it is doubtful whether a single spot could be selected, combining as a vice-regal residence in as high a degree, natural beauty and comfort: the exterior of the structure, however, argues in the designer's bad taste, or a very impoverished exchequer; it is built of common red brick, with pine window sills; the fences are exceeded in architectural design only by those about Governor Hincks, at Thornhill,\* which is opposite.

May our worthy Governor General, forgetting for a time the sweet scenery of his own lordly mansion on the banks of the Dargle, of Charleville, enjoy the cool shades of Spencer Wood, the representative of British institutions amongst us, the honored ruler over two peoples who, however different they may be in race and language, have learned the secret of respecting each other's strength, and of uniting for the common good into bonds of indissoluble brotherhood.

\* N.B.—The Thornhill fence is an ancient mosaic, in which spruce, cedar and tamarack are combined in curious proportions, or rather without proportion: figuratively it resembles an Act of Parliament having many flaws in it, some wide enough to admit—if not a carriage and four—at least adult pigs and dogs of large dimensions. (Since this was written, matters are mending.)

## Le Chien d'Or---The Golden Dog.

### CHAPTER V.

" Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,  
En le rongeant je prends mon repos,  
Un jour viendra qui n'est pas venu,  
Que je morderai qui m'aura mordu.  
1736."

MY Quebec friend, when you take your daily "constitutional," on Durham Terrace, contemplating with undisguised pride the unrivalled surrounding scenery, and at your feet, the famous harbour, in which a whole fleet of Great Easterns could ride at ease, or else, when communing with your own thoughts, you stroll homewards from a brisk walk in the neighborhood of the city, after viewing the smiling country seats of successful citizens along the St. Louis road, until that imposing pile, the new Jail, the Ladies' Home, and the Military Asylum, successively break on your view, has it ever occurred to you, in the presence of these unmistakable and healthy signs of progress, to recall the past, the rude primitive times? and when passing by the magnificent corporation lots on the *Grande Allée*—a spot destined to become the Belgravia, the Fifth Avenue of the future metropolis of Confederate British America, have you ever, while stepping over this portion of the Plains of Abraham, reflected that from where you now stand, perchance the old Scotch pilot of the St. Lawrence, Abraham Martin, or *Maître Abraham*, as he was then styled—may also, two hundred years ago, while dreaming of Bruce and Wallace, have stood surveying with inward complacency his valuable "thirty-two acres"\* after wending

\* Can no heir of the old sea dog make good his title to this nice little family estate, on which the greatest portion of St. Louis and St. John's Suburbs are built, down to the Coteau Ste. Geneviève. To the late Rev. Mr. Maguire and to the Abbé Ferland is due the discovery of the origin of the name of the Plains of Abraham, a mystery which had puzzled many an antiquarian. Abraham Martin dit l'Écossais, King's Pilot on the St. Lawrence, owned the whole land from St. Louis road to Cote d'Abraham, called after him, down to the Coteau Ste. Geneviève; the east boundary was the street in front of St. Mathew's cemetery, the west, Claire Fontaine-street, with that portion of the Plains called after him.—(See Col. Beaton's Notes.)

his way under secular oaks, and majestic pines to the brow of Cape Diamond, to ascertain if any of his royal master's argosies were rounding Point Levi? You are no doubt aware, that in those days it was rather a dangerous experiment to stray *unarmed* beyond the view of the Chateau St. Louis; that at times every bush, every rock concealed an implacable foe. Would you, think ye, have been swift enough of foot (although, no doubt, a great pedestrian) to follow through the underbrush and winding paths of the forest which then crowned the *Plateau*, the lithe and fierce Iroquois, stealthily dogging the footsteps of an unsuspecting colonist fresh from old France, until the grim warrior had added his scalp to the clanking belt of human bones and hair which girt his loins? Well, reader, let us float down the stream of time one whole century; let us view Champlain's city just a few years before the red cross of Albion streamed over its battlements. Let us look at Quebec when most gigantic plunder was going on in the colony. I do not mean in 185-, when British railway contractors were promising to the cormorants of the London and Manchester Exchange 11 per cent. dividends; I mean 175-, during the fast career of the French Intendant Bigot—a man to whom Roupell, Calvert, Sir Dean Paul could have taught nothing in the art of "raising the wind." Gentle reader, if you will accompany me towards the Quebec Post Office, I will briefly tell you a tale of those times.

When you get half way between Holiwell & Alexander's news dépôt and the door of a jolly ex-Commissioner of Crown Lands—a door, by the by, immortalized by the pencil of our Canadian artist, Kreighoff,\* just cast your eye above what formerly was the chief entrance to the City Post Office and notice a Golden Dog, in a crouching position, rudely carved in relievo, with the following inscription underneath:—

"Je Svis Vn Chien Qvi Ronge Lo,  
en le rongeant je prends mon Repos,  
Vn temps viendra qvi n'est pas venv,  
Qve je morderay qvi m'avra mordv.  
1736."

Are you aware that these identical words retrace a deed of blood, contain a record of vengeance long deferred but terrible: such, for

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\* "Pour l'amour de Dieu," and "Va au Diable," are the inscriptions to these two life-like pictures by Kreighoff, of the Indignant Beggar, which every one has seen.

instance, as a Corsican mother would glory in? If you have access to the Rev. Mr. Bourne's work, or to Col. Cockburn's *Quebec and its Environs*, published some thirty years since, you will obtain a meagre account of the tragedy enacted on this spot about one hundred and fourteen years ago. As you are likely to derive but little interest or amusement from the scanty details these writers furnish, I shall condense the elegant French sketch written by a brother advocate, now no more (the late Auguste Soulard), and shall incorporate in it the learned criticism which Mr. Soulard's narrative elicited from Monsieur le Commandeur Jacques Viger; he also, alas! is gone to his long home.

Nicolas Jacquin Philibert, a Quebec merchant, was, in 1748, the occupant, probably the proprietor, of the house on which the Golden Dog is now carved; the date, 1736, is supposed to commemorate the year in which the building was erected. Somehow or other he had incurred the displeasure of the Intendant (Bigot), perhaps for refusing to aid him in his peculations and extortions. The Intendant, in order to annoy Philibert, had billeted troops on him, and ordered a French lieutenant by the name of Pierre Legardeur, Sieur de Repentigny, to quarter on the Quebec merchant. This incensed Mr. Philibert very much, and, when the lieutenant attempted to enter the house with the order, Philibert objected, saying he would have the order recalled, to which De Repentigny replied, "You are a fool." A blow from a walking-stick was the answer. The officer then drew his sword and inflicted on his opponent a wound, of which he died on the 21st of January, 1748. The deadly thrust is supposed to have been given on the very steps of the Chien d'Or building; which steps were also, about a century later, the occasion for extensive litigation when the Chien d'Or belonged to a well-remembered millionaire, Jacob Pozer. De Repentigny, in order to elude a criminal prosecution, escaped from Quebec, and retired to Nova Scotia, then called Acadie, where he applied to Louis XV. for his pardon. Letters of reprieve and pardon were sent out from Paris, and De Repentigny returned to Quebec in 1749 with these letters, in order to meet any opposition which the Widow Philibert might urge, when he should apply to the Superior Council of the colony to have them registered. Madame Philibert having, as was customary in those days, been indemnified by pecuniary compensation for the loss of her husband, did not oppose the registration of De

Repentigny's letters of indemnity. The French lieutenant remained in the colony, and had been promoted to a captaincy in 1760; at that time, he was serving under the Chevalier de Lévis. Everything seemed to presage to De Repentigny forgetfulness of the past, and a promising future; every one seemed to have forgotten Philibert's untimely end, and how the family's respected chief had been cut off in the prime of manhood, and its prospects blighted forever, by the dastardly act of one of the Intendant's sycophants; all seemed to have forgotten these facts, all save one person, and this was a young man who had just seen twenty-three summers: his name was Pierre Nicolas Philibert.\* Severe in his demeanor, studious and reserved in his habits, young Philibert had grown up to manhood, the chief support and consolation of his widowed mother. At times, several had remarked on his austere but beautiful face a sombre expression, which would immediately melt into a subdued sadness, the real cause of which few seemed to suspect. Beloved, as he certainly was, by all who knew him, it was a mournful day for the forlorn widow when, followed by some friends, she escorted her eldest son to the Lower Town wharf, on his way to old France to obtain a commission in the army.

Ten months after his departure, Madame Philibert one morning received a letter; it came from Europe. On breaking the seal, the first words which met her eye were as follows:—

"My Dearest Mother,—We are avenged; my father's murderer is no more."

The two had met at Pondicherry, in the East Indies. DeRepentigny had fallen under a sword wound which young Philibert had inflicted on him in a duel.

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\* An indefatigable searcher of old records furnishes the additional particulars about the Philibert family:—Marie Anne, born 1st September, 1734; Marie Magdeleine, born 2nd June, 1736; Pierre Nicholas, born 17th May, 1737; Pierre, born in 1738; Nicholas, born 10th Nov., 1740; Marguerite, born 30th October, 1742.—Sons and daughters of Mr. and Madame Philibert.—*Notes of le Commandeur Viger.*

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## Canadian Names and Surnames.

### CHAPTER VI.

A CONTRIBUTOR to *Blackwood*, under the heading "The Scot in France," reviewing Mr. Francisque Michel's book, "Les Ecossais en France," graphically delineates the honorable part played some centuries back in the affairs of France, by Scotchmen. The learned critic, amongst other things, successfully traces to their origin several modern French names, and clearly demonstrates, after divesting them of the transmutations of time and language, that many of these names formerly belonged to brawny, six feet Scotchmen, whom little Johnny Cra-paud, out of spite, had christened on account of their aldermanic appetites "wine bags"; in fact, the same distinguished class which we, moderns, on the undoubted authority of Judge Barrington, would designate "Twelve bottle men,"—select individuals scarcely ever heard of in these degenerate teetotal times, and of which class, Marshal de Saxe, Mdlle. Lecouvreur's friend, was in the last century a pretty fair representative. Might it not also be worth our while to examine into some of the ludicrous changes to which, in our own country, some old names have been subjected? Every one knew that Normandy and Brittany had furnished the chief portion of the earliest settlers of our soil; the exact proportion in which this emigration took place cannot at present be a subject of debate, now that we have in print the Abbé Ferland's laborious researches. We accordingly find, in the appendix to the first volume of his "Cours d'Histoire du Canada," a list and address of all the French who settled in Lower Canada, from the year 1615 to 1648. No one, perhaps, except a searching student of the Abbé's school, would have taken the trouble to trace the pedigree of all the families in Canada; on this subject, it is not too much to say, that the veteran historian is a living cyclopedia. It is true, he had ample sources of information at command, having had access to the "Register of Marriages, Births and Burials of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Quebec," and these took him, uninterruptedly, as



far back as 1640, in which year they were destroyed by fire, and restored from memory ; he could also consult the ample details of the several census tables, compiled by order of the French government, yet in manuscript in our public libraries.

It is really singular to notice what a large portion of settlers came from Normandy to New France. Almost all the educated Frenchmen, such as Messrs. Rameau, Ampère, De Puibusque, Aubry, Fenouillet and others who have visited Canada, have been struck with the resemblance between the customs, manners and language of the French Canadian peasantry of this day, and those of the peasantry of Brittany and Normandy. All of them admitted that, as a general rule, our *habitants* spoke better French than the same class in the country parts of France. Of course, it is not pretended that even the educated in this country could compare for the purity of their idiom with Parisians, who alone claim the right to speak *pure* French. Parisian writers, on this point, have promulgated canons which seem rather exclusive. It is pretended, for instance, that the nicety of Parisian taste is such, that *even* a Parisian writer who removes for four years from his native city to the provinces, is liable to be detected when he writes. This is going far, and naturally reminds one of the fish-woman of Athens, who, by his accent, detected a new customer as belonging to the suburbs of the city.

When Mr. Rameau was in Quebec, I took occasion to ask him what he thought of our best writers. "Sir," said he, "I will relate to you what occurred to me in Paris last winter. I was acquainted with Canadian literature before I came here, and in order to test the correctness of my own opinion, I assembled some literary friends and told them that I intended reading them a chapter out of two new books which they had never seen before ; they assented ; this done, and replacing the books in my book-case, I requested them to tell me candidly where they could have been written. 'Why, in Paris, where else?' they replied ; 'none but Parisians could write such French.' "Well, gentlemen," said I, "you are much mistaken, these books were written on the banks of the St. Lawrence, at Quebec. Etienne Parent, and the Abbé Ferland are the authors." My friends could scarcely credit the fact. I take pleasure in recording this incident, because such a circumstance does honor to the country. I also take particular pleasure in

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noticing this honorable fact, because it effectually bears on a stupid assertion not altogether uncommon, viz: That French Canadians speak nothing but *patois*—whereas, if the truth were known, it would appear that our peasantry talk\* better French than does one half of the rural population of France; in fact, it is not rare to find the French peasantry of one department scarcely able to understand the idiom of the corresponding class in another department. Several causes might be adduced in explaining this singular feature; the first settlers in Canada had left France about the time when literature was at its zenith, and when the language was singularly beautiful. Whatever success may have been achieved in literature by modern France, no writer since the great revolution, has surpassed Corneille, Racine, Boileau, Voltaire or Sevigné, in each of their several departments; the language of the peasantry in New France has remained what it was two hundred years ago; it is not purer, but it is just as pure. If, on one hand the French element in Canada has escaped the disorganizing influence of the revolutionary era † of '89, on the other hand, it has received the infusion of no new blood; the race is essentially conservative, too much so, perhaps, according to men of the 19th century; still, as the component part of a great nationality, who can complain of its being too cohesive; who, on looking across the line, and viewing

\* In connection with this fact, it appears that the French Canadians have alone retained in their original purity the simple old Norman songs which their ancestors brought into the country; that these same popular ballads have become so altered in France by time, that a request has been sent out to Canada to have them collected in their original purity. An eloquent young professor of the Laval University (Dr. Larue) has turned his attention to the subject.

† Our Canadian ancestors had long since realised the difference which the conquest had made in their situation, when their beloved and eloquent pastor, Bishop Plessis, in 1794, from the pulpit of the same French Cathedral which now faces the Upper Town Market place in Quebec, publicly, and in the name of his flock, thanked Almighty God that the colony was English, and therefore would be free from the horrors enacted in the French colonies of the day; that there were no human butchers in Canada, to slaughter any nobles, priests, women and children.—See the Funeral oration of Bishop Briand, pronounced on the 27th June, 1794, by Monseigneur Plessis.—(*Christie's History of Canada*, vol. I, pp. 356-7.) Could he have then foreseen what happened Louisiana later on, he might again have expressed his thankfulness that Canada did not belong to France—else it might have been included in the deed of sale and bargain executed between Napoleon the Great and the occupant of the White House in 1805. Verily, colonists are considered small fry by rulers of empires.

Our people were again in forcible terms reminded of the superiority of English over French institutions, when civil and religious liberty is at stake. Who has forgotten Dr. Cahill's eloquent appeal! "Three Bishops," said he, "cannot dine together in Paris without the permission of the police; no new place of worship can be opened without the consent of government. Why was the charitable society the *St. Vincent de Paul* broken up? Why were Protestant chapels summarily closed by the Police and the congregation dispersed?—Why is the press muzzled? Yes, why? Thank your stars," said the talented lecturer, "that you live here under the British flag!"

democracy in full rout, and possibly a renewal of the horrors of '89, in this land of the west, close at hand; who would not prefer at least one million of staunch conservative people, who, under proper treatment, would understand loyalty to their sovereign, as the Vendéens did, to a God-forsaken, atheistical, democratic\* rabble, worshipping no other deity than the almighty dollar?

But this is wandering away from the subject which heads this sketch; *revenons a nos moutons*.

There is, in this country, a spice of drollery about some transformations of names worthy of notice. These queer changes do not necessarily imply abject ignorance in the class which adopts them. We may have in this country backwoodsmen† excessively stupid and ignorant, but where (except within the precincts of a lunatic asylum) would you find even a brat of a boy who would give the same reply which the free-born Briton gave to Lord Ashley, one of the commissioners appointed to enquire into the condition of the lower classes in England, "that all he knew about God was, that he had often heard the workmen say, God damn!" We say we thank Providence for this, for whatever other colonial drawbacks we may labor under, and they may be numerous, we are spared the spectacle of extreme social degradation side by side with fabulous wealth. Now to the point. Did you ever, my dear reader, know from whence the first Know-Nothing hailed? Perhaps you will meet me with

\* It would be unmanly to abuse a great nation who has pledged itself to solve the grand Monroe problem, "America for the Americans," merely because the evil passions of social strife place it for a time under a cloud. The Americans have, doubtless, boundless resources, and in the energy of their people the elements of future greatness. Unfortunately, their lying journalists have succeeded in making them appear a very abject community. We who do not live amongst them, know them only by their scurrilous press.

† "Backwoodmen." A worthy but eccentric missionary, once enlivened a stirring appeal he was making to the sympathy and purse of a Quebec church meeting with the following anecdote, illustrative of the multitudinous hardships he had experienced in the course of his evangelizing duties in the backwoods of Canada. The holy man was very long and slender in the legs. "It was once my fate," said he, "to put up for the night in a log shanty, the dwelling of the headman in the mission; the bed did seem very short, but being a deal one, nailed to the floor, it had to remain where it was; I only became fully aware that either I was too long, or that it was too short for my humble self, when after extinguishing my candle, I tried to extend my weary limbs; my feet, I found, struck the window, which was nearly smashed by the operation. In despair I got up, and after cogitating a short time, I came to the conclusion that no other alternative existed but to remove the obstruction and open the window, through which, when lying down, my feet protruded some eighteen inches. I felt it was not a peculiarly dignified position for the pastor to be seen by the flock, but what could I do. I slept soundly from fatigue, but awoke early, feeling a great weight on my feet; on raising my head to see what it was, I found, that the patriarch of the farm yard—a very large turkey cock had made roosters of my nether extremities." He of course carried his point.

the common-place reply, *cui bono*? Is not Know-Nothingism dead and buried? True, I reply; so is the builder of the pyramids dead, (or at least, unless he can beat old Methusaleh, he ought to be,) and still the enquiry about the originator has been going on for some time, and is likely to continue, although for any practical purpose, the origin of the Pyramids or of Know-Nothingism is of the same moment. Well, I assert clearly and most emphatically, that the first Know-Nothing, nominally designated as such, lived at Cacouna, some seventy years ago. Now for the proof. About the end of the last century, an English vessel was stranded in the fall of the year, at Bic; the crew had lost everything, and as in those days the country below Quebec was thinly populated, they had to travel upwards on foot. Along the road they obtained their food by begging it from the French Canadian peasantry, and of course, various questions were put to them, as to who they were, where they came from, where they were going to? This constant questioning became troublesome to the honest tars, who knew naught of the language of Louis XIV. The first effort they made was to attempt to say that they could not understand the question put, and in a very few days, the stereotyped reply to all enquiries was "*J'en sçais rien.*" "*I don't know.*" One of them was rather a good-looking fellow, and not being accustomed to snow-shoes, he got the *mal de raquette*, and had to stay behind; a wealthy Canadian peasant took pity on him, and admitted him under his hospitable roof. Jack was not long before falling a victim to the tender passion; and Mdlle. Josephte, the daughter of the house, having shewn him some kindness in his forlorn state, the gallant Briton could do nothing less than lay his heart at her feet.

"Amour, tu perdis, Troie!"

as old Lafontaine said in his fable of the cocks and hens; but for Jack the effect was diametrically opposite; it was his salvation, the dawn of a bright future. It was, however, love under difficulties in the beginning. To the fair one's enquiries, the interminable reply was returned—"*J'en sçais rien.*" Mdlle. Josephte soon began to fancy that the words sounded musically in her ears;—she facetiously christened her Saxon friend *J'en sçais rien*, and soon the curé of the parish was called on to pronounce the magical "*Conjungo vos*" over mademoiselle and the English sailor. The union of the Norman and the Saxon, which seven hundred years before was a daily occurrence on the banks of Thames,

was re-celebrated on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and with the same happy results. In the course of time, English Jack became the respected pater familias of a patriarchial circle of small "Sçaisriens," genuine Jean Baptistes in every thing, except that they were handsomer than the rest of the children of the parish. An addition to the family name soon took place, and to "J'en sçais rien," was affixed the words *dit l'Anglais*, (*alias the Englishman*.) It is a common practice amongst the French Canadians to have this addition, for instance, J. B. Portugais dit La Musique, Sansouci dit L'Eveill , Picard des Trois Maisons. To this day there is a large progeny of "Sçais rien, dit l'Anglais" in the parish of Cacouna. Now, reader, if I have made out my case, I pray for a verdict, for, verily this is the first mention of a Know-Nothing I find in history.

There is a very worthy N.P., on the Island of Orleans, a descendant of an Englishman or Scotchman, whose name was Richard somebody, but his heir has never been able to clear up the point; and still a family name he must have, by hook or by crook; so the Richard was made into Dick, and *Monsieur le Notaire Jean Dick* is now known all over the island, and executes deeds under that and no other name. I do not believe that he understands or speaks English.

A locality near this city, the village on the St. Lewis Road, which the Hon. Wm. Shepherd, formerly of Woodfield, laid out, has undergone several strange appellations.

It was, of course, intended to be named Shepherdville, and did at one time bear that name, under which several know it still;—a number of French Canadians having settled there, considered that as there was no saint in the calendar hailing under the name of Saint Shepherd, it was not right to give such a name to the Parish; however, on finding out that the parish was not canonically erected by the bishop, they consented to leave the original name, if it was only translated into French, and Shepherd meaning Berger, why they would put up,—until a saint was chosen,—with Bergerville: this was considered however, such a concession to anglicisation, that the knowing ones suspected that had not the Hon. William's ground rent agent interfered, holding over non-paying malcontents the fear of sundry writs of ejectment, the Saxon name would have been swept away and blotted out for ever. Matters were going on smoothly until a number of Irish having also elected domicile in

Bergerville, were much shocked at the liberty the French Canadian tenants had taken, in daring to re-christen the settlement; they were of opinion that as a considerable portion of the residents would not be out of place in St. Giles, in London, it might be more suitable to call the place Beggarville,\* and not Bergerville; and just as party denominations have been in England in time of yore, by-words for strife between the houses of York and Lancaster, so it has been on the estate of the Hon. William on the St. Louis Road, near Quebec!

In October last, Tom Everell, an octogenarian Greenwich pilot died at Cap Rouge, near Quebec. Tom was well known all round; he had many years before married into a French Canadian family, and gradually lost his family name of Everell; he was called by the *habitants* Tom, le père Tom; he left a large number of children; they are all called Toms—there is Norbert Tom, George Tom, Henriette Tom, Jean Bte. Tom, but as a compensation to this loss of nationality in his offspring, a glorious distinction was made for his eldest son, in which primogeniture shines forth; of the whole family, he alone is allowed to bear the family patronomic as a christian name; he is not called Tom or Thomas Everell, but is recognised as EVERELL TOM.

In looking over English periodicals, I find that the transformation of names is not merely confined to Scotchmen in France, or to Englishmen in Canada, but also to Englishmen in their own country. Listen to this extract of *The Cornhill*, with which I shall close:—

“Surnames are by no means fully established in some parts of England. In the colliery districts, particularly, hereditary designations seem to be the exception rather than the rule. A correspondent of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* says, that clergymen in Staffordshire ‘have been known to send home a wedding party in despair, after a vain essay to gain from the bride and bridegroom a sound by way of name.’ Every man in these colliery fields, it seems, bears a personal sobriquet, descriptive of some peculiarity, but scarcely any person has a family name, either known to himself or others. A story is told of an attorney's clerk who was professionally employed to serve a process on one of those

\* Odd names seem fashionable in this village; there is one family composed of boys; several are very hard cases; one of them, aged about 17, combines all the vices of the rest; he is singularly vicious, just a shade better than a highwayman; he goes by the name of *Grand Père B.....*; why? I never have been able to find out. I have come to the conclusion that it might be from his being supposed to unite the vices of three generations!



oddly-named persons, whose supposed real name was entered in the instrument with legal accuracy. The clerk, after a great deal of inquiry as to the whereabouts of the party, was about to abandon the search as hopeless, when a young woman, who had witnessed his labors, kindly volunteered to assist him. 'Oy say, *Bullyed*,' cried she to the first person they met, 'does thee know a mon named Adom Green? The bull-head was shaken in token of ignorance. They then came to another man. '*Loy-a-bed*, dost thee?' Loy-a-bed could not answer either. *Stumpy*, (a man with a wooden leg), *Cowskin*, *Spindleshanks*, *Cockeye*, and *Pig-tail* were successively consulted, but to no purpose. At length, however, having had conversation with several friends, the damsel's eye suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her neighbors on the shoulder, she exclaimed—'Dash my wig! whoy he means moy feyther!' Then turning to the astonished clerk, she cried—'You shoul'n ax'd for *Ode Black-bird*!' So it appeared that the old miner's name, though he was a man of substance, and had legal battles to fight, was not known even to his own daughter."\*

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\* A very slight investigation has already produced a list of patronymics which throw all Dickens' ideal ones, grotesque and clever as many are, into hopeless distance. In proof whereof, a correspondent of the *London Times* states that a friend of his made the following curious selection of surnames from the wills in the Prerogative Court in Doctors' Commons:—Asse, Bub, Belly, Boots, Cripple, Cheese, Cockles, Dunce, Dam, Drinkmilke, Def, Flashman, Fatt, Ginger, Goose, Beaste, Bearhead, Bungler, Bugg, Buggy, Bones, Cheeke, Clod, Codd, Demon, Fiend, Funcke, Frogge, Ghost, Gready, Hag, Humpe, Holdwater, Headache, Jugs, Jelly, Idle, Kneebone, Kidney, Licie, Lame, Lazy, Leakey, Maypole, Mule, Monkey, Milksop, Mudd, Mug, Phisike, Pighead, Pot, Poker, Poopy, Prigge, Pigge, Punch, Proverb, Quicklove, Quash, Radish, Rumpe, Raw-bone, Rottengoose, Swette, Shish, Sprat, Squibb, Sponge, Stubborne, Swine, Shave, Shrimps, Shirt, Skim, Squalsh, Silly, Shoe, Smelt, Skull, Spattell, Shadow, Snaggs, Spittle, Teate, Taylecoate, Villian, Vittels, Vile, Whale.

All nature seems to have been ransacked for the purpose of producing even the above list, which is no doubt, only a small sample of that which some further investigation might have produced. Earth and water throw in their ridiculous contributions in the names of Asse, Goose, Beast and Codd; and the mysteries of the unknown world are represented by a Shadow and a Ghost. And Demon, Fiend, and Hagg, find also their nominal representatives on this upper earth. The ideal is, however, by no means alone drawn on, for we find, in a suspicious juxtaposition—Jugs, Punch, Headache.—This combination, it must be conceded, is rational enough.

## The Holland Tree.

### CHAPTER VII.

"Woodman spare that tree."

IT has often been stated that the chief glory of Quebec consisted in being surrounded on all sides by magnificent country seats, which in the summer season, as it were, encircle the brow of the old city like a chaplet of flowers: those who, on a sunny June morning, have wandered through the shady groves of Spencer Wood, Woodfield, Marchmont, Benmore, Kilmarnock, and fifty other old places, rendered vocal by the voices of myriads of winged choristers and with the sparkling waters of the great river at their feet, are not likely to gainsay this statement.

Amongst these beautiful rural retreats few are better known than Holland Farm, the family mansion of Surveyor General Holland, who purchased it about the year 1780. Four years previously it had been the head-quarters of General Montgomery, who choose it as his residence during the siege of Quebec. This fine property, running back as far as Mount Hermon Cemetery, and extending from the St. Louis or Grand Allée road, opposite Spencer Wood, down to the St. Foy road, which it crosses, is bounded to the north by the *Cime du cap*, or St. Foy heights. For those who may be curious to know its original extent to an eighth of an inch, I shall quote from Major Holland's title-deed wherein it is stated to comprise "in superficies, French measure, two hundred and six arpents one perch seven feet eight inches and *four eighths of an inch*," from which description one would infer the major had surveyed his domain with great minuteness, or that he must have been considerably of a stickler for territorial rights. What would his shades now think could they be made cognizant of the fact, that that very chateau garden, which he possessed and bequeathed to his sons in the year 1800, has been taken possession of for military purposes by the Imperial authorities, and held to this day by them, without any compensation, it is said, being tendered? Major Samuel Holland had distin-



guished himself as an officer, under General Wolfe, on the Plains of Abraham,—lived at Holland House \* many years, as was customary in those days, in affluence, and at last paid the common debt to nature.

The major after having provided for his wife, Mary Josephte Rolot, bequeathed his property to *Frederick Brehm, John Frederick, Charlotte, Susan, and George Holland*,† his children. In 1817, Frederick Brehm Holland, who, at that time was an ordinance store-keeper at Prince Edward Island, sold his share of the farm to the late William Wilson, of the Customs department. Ten years later, John Frederick and Charlotte Holland also disposed of their interest in this land to Mr. Wilson, who subsequently having acquired the rights of another heir, viz., in 1835, remained proprietor of Holland Farm until 1843, when the property by purchase passed over to Geo. O. Stuart, Esq., of this city. Mr. Stuart built on it a handsome mansion, now known as Holland House, which he subsequently sold to R. Cassells, Esq., then of Quebec, and manager of the Bank of British North America: it is the house recently leased by Col. Lysons.

Holland Farm has been gradually dismembered. The pretty cottage opposite Spencer Wood, now owned by Major Campbell, is built on Holland Farm. A successful gold digger by the name of Sinjohn purchased last year a large tract of the farm fronting the St. Louis road, with Thornhill as its north-eastern, and Mr. Stuart's new road as its south-western boundary. His neat cottage, shaded by the Thornhill Grove, a nice garden and lawn now indicate that he does not intend to allow his Australian nuggets to rust in his coffers. A large portion of the gold hunter's land is a level pasturage entirely denuded of shrubs and forest trees. To a person looking from the vice-regal gate, at Spencer Wood, in the direction of the south gable of Holland House, exactly in a straight line, no object intervenes, except a fir tree, which detaches itself on the horizon, conspicuous from afar, over the plantation which fronts the St. Foy road. That tree is the Holland Tree. Well! what about the Holland Tree? What! you a Quebecker and not to

\* The original Holland House stood a little behind the present mansion.

† The last will and codicil of S. Holland was executed before Chs. Voyer and colleague, N.P., at Quebec, and bear date 14th and 25th December, 1800. The Chateau St. Louis property is therein thus described:—"Un grand emplacement proche le Chateau St. Louis, donné et accordé au dit Sieur Testateur, cultivé actuellement en jardin."

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know about the Holland Tree, its duel, and the slumberers who have reposed for so many years under its shade!!

"Oh! but I am not a Québecer. So tell me about the Holland Tree." Well walk down from the St. Louis road along Mr. Stuart's new road and we shall see first how the rest of the "slumberers" has been respected. Hear the words which filial affection dictated to Frederick Brehm, John Frederick and Charlotte Holland, when on the 14th July, 1827, they executed a deed in favor of Wm. Wilson, conveying their interest in their father's estate:

"Provided always, and these presents as well as the foregoing deed of sale and conveyance are so made and executed by the said Robert Holland, acting as aforesaid (as attorney of the heirs Holland), upon and subject to the *express* charge and *condition*, that is to say, that the said William Wilson, his heirs and assigns shall for ever hold sacred and inviolable the small circular space of ground on the said tract or piece of land and premises, enclosed with a stone wall and wherein the remains of the late Samuel Holland, Esquire, father of the said vendors, and of his son the late Samuel Holland, jr., Esq., are interred, and shall and will allow free ingress and egress at all times to the relatives and friends of the family of the said Samuel Holland, for the purpose of viewing the state and condition of the said space of ground, and making or causing to be made such repairs to the wall enclosing the same or otherwise providing for the protection of the said remains as they shall see fit.\*"

Not many years back, this "small circular space" which Mr. Wilson bound himself to hold sacred and inviolable, and which contained two neat marble slabs with the names of Messrs. Holland, senior and junior, and other members of the family engraved on them, was inclosed within a substantial stone wall, to which access was had through an iron gate: the walls were covered with inscriptions and with the initials of those who had visited a spot, to which the fatal issue of a deadly encounter lent all the interest of a romance. Nothing now is visible except the foundation, which is still distinct; the monument stones have disappeared;

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\* This deed was passed at Quebec before W. Fisher Scott, N. P. It purports to have been executed "in the Gaoler's Room," *entre les deux guichets*, in the Common Gaol of the District of Quebec. Some of those who signed it must have been in custody, why or wherefore does not appear.

the wall has been razed to the ground, some modern Vandal,\* some descendant of the Ostrogoths (for amongst all civilized nations the repose of the dead is sacred) has laid violent hands on them!! When Mr. Wilson sold Holland farm in 1843, he made no stipulation about the graves of the Hollands: he took no care that what he had agreed to hold inviolable should continue to be so held. If his representatives are amongst those who now seek for reparation of the injury inflicted by this act, the loss of the "chateau" garden, will furnish to those who believe in Alison's doctrines of retributive justice in this world, a new exemplification of the principle.

The tragical occurrence connected with the Holland Tree is so much out of the ordinary run of events, that it seems where like the plot of a sensation novel—a dark tale redolent with love, jealousy and revenge. Two men stood, some sixty years ago, in mortal combat, not under the Holland Tree, as it has generally been believed, but somewhere on the mountain behind Montreal: one of them a Holland, the other was Major Ward of the 60th, the father of the Major Ward who, many years after, fought a memorable duel in Montreal with Mr. Sweeney. The cause of the bloody affray originated at a fancy ball in the St. Louis Chateau. It is said that when Major Holland saw the lifeless corpse of his son, and the fatal pistols, after first giving vent to parental grief, he uttered the following words:—"My beloved son, when General Wolfe presented me on the Plains of Abraham with those beautiful weapons, little did I think that they would be used to bring you to a dishonored grave." On that fatal day probably a dense wood hid the combatants from public gaze. I cannot say more without perhaps saying too much, and I must leave the young who are curious to question their grandfathers and their grandmothers about Holland Tree. I have said enough, I hope, to induce the reader to repeat with me,

"Woodman spare that tree!"

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\* A truculent gardener, it is said, who had been left in charge, some years back, converted the monumental slabs into grinding stones.

## A Chapter on Canadian Nobility.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"The names and memories of great men are the dowry of a nation. They are the salt of the earth, in death as well as in life. What they did once, their descendants have still and always a right to do after them."—*Blackwood*.

THESE are democratic times : men eminent for their intellect and world-wide fame,—Brights and Cobdens,—citizens of the most aristocratic country, members of a highly intelligent community, boldly and successfully set at defiance privilege, when propagating their favorite dogma of the sovereignty of the people, it may therefore be hazardous to readily expect from an enlightened and progressive Canadian public the gratuitous recognition of title and privilege, as implied in a Canadian nobility. Many considerations lead to this belief. The air we breathe, the tone of our people, the habits and customs of all classes here, although they may savour of monarchy, do not point out to this our native land as a soil in which titled nobility could, for many years to come, strike out deep roots or yield wholesome and palatable fruit.

Indeed, there are in our midst persons perverse enough to insinuate that a certain august visitor engrafted on the old trunk of our nationality sufficient titles to last us a whole century.

A young barrister, snatched too soon from fame and friends, thus embodied in verse Canada's motto :

" Sur cette terre encor sauvage  
Les vieux titres sont inconnus ;  
La noblesse est dans le courage,  
Dans les talents, dans les vertus."

F. R. ANGERS.

True nobility must consist, for us, in courage, talent and virtue ; such we consider the genuine guinea's stamp ; the rest is all plated ware, which once tarnished by vile or unworthy sentiments, not all the blue blood of all the Howards could rescue from contempt. No not even the pro-

found peace enjoyed under the protection of a mighty and free power, in these eventful times, when anarchy is inaugurating a reign of terror on our borders: not even the gratitude towards a strong protector could make us willingly kneel to a title unrecommended by merit or virtue.

We may feel differently on some points in both sections of the Province; we are not prepared to say whether the inhabitants of Western Canada (those whom one of our governors is said to have, facetiously, we presume, christened the *superior race*) are steadfast in their attachment to monarchical principles; we hope and trust they are, although several—their enemies, no doubt—depict them as thorough democrats: people dazzled by the glitter of Uncle Sam's dollars, whose chink they can hear from their own thresholds, inducing them to mingle with a nation identical with themselves in race, religion and language. One thing, however, we do know, and that is, that no community of feeling or interest can exist between our republican neighbors and the majority of the inhabitants of Lower Canada, alien in race, religion and language. Any alliance between the two must be founded on the abasement and ruin of the weaker of the contracting parties.

On one point the Latin and the Teuton of Lower Canada do seem to understand one another thoroughly, viz., in their estimate of monarchical ideas. They respect the sovereign and honor his chief men, the nobles—not the men of pleasure such as those with which Louis XV. surrounded his throne and oppressed his subjects, but honorable men such as Victoria and the English people are proud of; well represented by that aristocracy of merit “specially charged to perpetuate traditions of chivalry and honor;” whose door is open to the people, as the highest recognition of popular merit; whose worth is testified to by the English as well as the French; who is eulogized in high terms by men of commanding intellect, such as Montesquieu, Montalembert, Guizot, Chateaubriand.\* Merit is then the touch-stone which wrung from these brilliant writers the unqualified praise they bestowed on the nobility of old England.

\* “The nobility of Great Britain is the finest modern society since the Roman Patriciate,” has said the illustrious Chateaubriand. His vast researches, his presence at the English court as French ambassador in 1822, had given him ample opportunity of judging. His estimate does not quite agree with that of the author of “Representative Men,” Emerson: “Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings. These founders of the House of Lords were greedy and ferocious dragoons, sons of greedy and ferocious

Let us see whether we can apply this test to one of the oldest and most honored names in our own history—we mean that of the Baron de Longueil.

In former times, too, we had bloody wars to wage; merciless foes existed on our frontiers; the soil then found generous and brave soldiers to defend it: men who went forth each day with their lives in their hands, ready to shed the last drop of blood for all they held dear, their homes, their wives, their children. Has the stout race of other days degenerated, grown callous to what its God, its honor, its country may command in the hour of need? We should hope not. We said the Baron de Longueil.

Who was the Baron de Longueil? With your permission, kind reader, let us peruse together the royal patent erecting the seigniory of Longueil into a barony: it is to be found in the Register of the proceedings of the Superior Council of Quebec, letter B, page 131, and runs thus: "Louis, by the Grace of God, King of France and Navarre, to all present, Greeting: It being an attribute of our greatness and of our justice to reward those whose courage and merit led them to perform great deeds, and taking into consideration the services which have been rendered to us by the late Charles LeMoynes\*, Esquire, Seigneur of Longueil, who left France in 1640 to reside in Canada, where his valour and fidelity were so often conspicuous in the wars against the Iroquois, that our governors and lieutenant governors in that country employed him constantly in every military expedition, and in every negotiation or treaty of peace, of all which duties he acquitted himself to their entire satisfaction;—that after him, Charles Le Moynes, Esquire, his eldest son, desirous of imitating the example of his father, bore arms from his youth, either in France, where he served as a lieutenant in the Régiment de St. Laurent, or else as captain of a naval detachment in Canada since 1687, where he had an arm shot off by the Iroquois when fighting near Lachine, in which combat seven of his brothers were also

pirates. They were all alike; they took everything they could carry. They burned, harried, violated, tortured, and killed, until everything English was brought to the verge of ruin. Such, however, is the illusion of antiquity and wealth, that decent and dignified men now existing boast their descent from these petty thieves, who showed a far juster conviction of their own merits, by assuming for their types the swine, goat, jackal, leopard, wolf, and snake, which they severally resembled.

"It took many generations to trim, and comb, and perfume the first boat-load of Norse pirates into royal highnesses and most noble knights of the garter; but every sparkle of ornament dates back to the Norse boat."—*English Traits*.

\* He was nephew to the celebrated Surgeon Adrien Duchesne.

engaged ;—that Jacques Le Moyne de Ste. Hélène, his brother, for his gallantry, was made a captain of a naval detachment, and afterwards fell at the siege of Quebec, in 1690, leading on with his elder brother, Charles Le Moyne, the Canadians against Phipps, where his brother was also wounded ; that another brother, Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, captain of a sloop of war, served on land and on sea, and captured Fort Corlard in Hudson's Bay, and still commands a frigate ; that Joseph Le Moyne de Bienville was commissioned an ensign in the said naval detachment, and was killed by the Iroquois in the attack on the place called Repentigny ; that Louis Le Moyne de Chateaugay, when acting as lieutenant to his brother, d'Iberville, also fell in the taking of Fort Bourbon, in the Hudson's Bay ; that Paul Le Moyne de Maricourt is an ensign in the navy, and captain of a company in the naval detachment, acting in the capacity of ensign to his brother d'Iberville ; that, in carrying out our intentions for settling Canada, the said Charles Le Moyne, the eldest son, has spent large sums in establishing inhabitants on the domain and seigniority of Longueil, which comprises about two leagues in breadth on the St. Lawrence, and three leagues and a half in depth, the whole held from us with *haute, moyenne et basse justice*, wherein he is now striving to establish three parishes, and whereat, in order to protect the residents in times of war, he has had erected at his own cost a fort supported by four strong towers of stone and masonry, with a guard house, several large dwellings, a fine church, bearing all the insignia of nobility ; a spacious farm yard, in which there is a barn, a stable, a sheep pen, a dove cot, and other buildings, all of which are within the area of the said fort ; next to which stands a *banal* mill, a fine brewery of masonry, together with a large retinue of servants, horses and equipages, the cost of which buildings amount to some 60,000 livres ; so much so that this seigniority is one of the most valuable of the whole country, and the only one fortified and built up in this way ; that this has powerfully contributed to protect the inhabitants of the neighboring seigniories ; that this estate, on account of the extensive land clearings and work done and to be done on it, is of great value, on which thirty workmen are employed ; that the said Charles Le Moyne is now in a position to hold a noble rank on account of his virtue and merit : For which consideration we have thought it due to our sense of justice to assign not only a title of honor



to the estate and seigniority of Longueil, but also to confer on its owner a proof of an honorable distinction which will pass to posterity, and which may appear to the children of the said Charles Le Moyne a reason and inducement to follow in their father's footsteps: For these causes, of our special grace, full power and royal authority, We have created, erected, raised and decorated, and do create, erect, raise and decorate, by the present patent, signed by our own hand, the said estate and seigniority of Longueil, situate in our country of Canada, into the name, title and dignity of a barony; the same to be peacefully and fully enjoyed by the said Sieur Charles Le Moyne, his children and heirs, and the descendants of the same, born in legitimate wedlock, held under our crown, and subject to fealty (*foi et hommage avec dénombrement*) according to the laws of our kingdom and the custom of Paris in force in Canada, together with the name, title and dignity of a baron;—it is our pleasure he shall designate and qualify himself baron in all deeds, judgments, &c.; that he shall enjoy the right of arms, heraldry, honors, prerogatives, rank, precedence in time of war, in meetings of the nobility, &c., like the other barons of our kingdom—that the vassals, *arrière vassaux*, and others depending of the said seigniority of Longueil, *noblement et en roture*, shall acknowledge the said Charles Le Moyne, his heirs, assigns, as barons, and pay them the ordinary feudal homage, which said titles, &c., it is our pleasure, shall be inserted in proceedings and sentences, had or rendered by courts of justice, without, however, the said vassals being held to perform any greater homage than they are now liable to. .... This deed to be enregistered in Canada, and the said Charles Le Moyne, his children and assigns, to be maintained in full and peaceful enjoyment of the rights herein conferred.

“This done at Versailles, the 27th January, 1700, in the fiftieth year of our reign.

“(Signed)                      LOUIS.”

We have here in unmistakable terms a royal patent, conveying on the Great Louis' loyal and brave Canadian subject and his heirs, rights, titles, prerogatives, vast enough to make even the mouth of a Spanish grandee water. It is a little less comprehensive than the text of the parchment creating Nova Scotia knights, but that is all.

The claims of the Longueil family to the peaceable enjoyment of their honor are set forth so lucidly in the following document, that we



shall insert the manuscript in full;—it was written in Paris by an educated English gentleman, M. Falconer.

"When I was in Canada, in 1842, a newspaper in Montreal contained some weekly abuse of the Baron Grant de Longueil, on account of his assuming the title of Baron de Longueil. It appeared to me to be somewhat remarkable that a paper which very freely abused people for being republicans, and affected a wonderful reverence for monarchical institutions, should make the possession of monarchical honors, in a country professedly governed by monarchical institutions, the ground of frequent personal abuse, and was certainly a very inconsiderate line of conduct.

"But it was in fact the more blameable, as the possession of that honor by Baron de Longueil is connected with some historical events in which every Canadian ought to feel a pride, as being part of the history of his country.

"I can of course only give a short note of the family of Longueil.

"In the early settlement of Canada, one of the most distinguished men in the service of Government was Charles Le Moyne; he was in the war with the Iroquois, and contributed very materially to the pacification of the country and the defence of the frontier. He had eleven sons and two daughters; the names of the sons were—

"1st. *Sieur Charles Le Moyne, Baron de Longueil. He was Lieutenant du roi de la ville et gouvernement de Montréal. He was killed at Saratoga, in a severe action.*

"2nd. *Sieur Jacques Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène, whose name was given to the island opposite Montreal, which was, until lately, part of the property of the family. He fell at the siege of Quebec in 1690.*

"3rd. *Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, who was born at Montreal, in 1662, was the third son. He made his first voyage to sea at fourteen years of age. In 1686, he was in an expedition to Hudson's Bay, under Sieur de Troyes. In the same year the Marquis de Denonville made him commander of a fort, established in this expedition, and for his conduct in this post he received the thanks of the Governor of Canada. In 1690, with his brother, De Sainte-Hélène, he attacked some Iroquois villages, and prevented the attack of some Indians on Lachine and La Chenaye. He was made captain of a frigate in 1692—his instructions being dated 11th April of the same year. In 1694 he made an attack on Fort Bourbon, where his brother, De Chateaugay, was killed—but the fort was taken. On the 21st October, 1695, M. de Pontchartrain wrote to him a letter of commendation. In 1696 he carried troops to Acadia. He visited France in 1698. He left it with three vessels, in order to make a settlement in the Mississippi; he was the first person of European origin who entered the Mississippi from the sea; he ascended the river nearly one hundred leagues, established a garrison, and returned to France in 1699; in consequence of this success, he was decorated with the cross of the order of Saint Louis. In 1699 he was again sent to the Mississippi; his instructions were dated 22nd September of the same year, and directed him to make a survey of the country and endeavor to discover mines; this voyage was successful, and he returned to France in 1700, and was again sent to the Mississippi in 1701, his instructions being dated August 27th, of that year; he returned to France in 1702, and was made 'Capitaine de vaisseau.' On July 5th, 1706, he again sailed for the Mississippi, charged with a most important command; but in 1706, on July 9th, this most distinguished discoverer and navigator died at Havannah. He was born at Montreal, and obtained an immortal reputation in the two worlds.*

"4th. Paul Le Moyne de Maricourt, *capitaine d'une compagnie de la marine*. He died from exhaustion and fatigue in an expedition against the Iroquois.

"5th. Joseph Le Moyne de Serigny, who served with his brother, D'Iberville, in all his naval expeditions; we subsequently find him holding a lieutenant's commission in the navy at Rochefort.

"6th. François Le Moyne de Bienville, *officier de la marine*. The Iroquois surrounded a house in which he and forty others were located, and, setting fire to it, all except one perished in the flames.

"7th. Louis Le Moyne de Chateaugay, *officier de la marine*. He was killed by the English at Fort Bourbon—afterwards called Fort Nelson, by the English, in 1694.

"8th. Gabriel Le Moyne d'Assigny—died of yellow fever\* in St. Domingo, where he had been left by his brother, D'Iberville, in 1701.

"9th. Antoine Le Moyne—died young.

"10th. Jean Baptiste Le Moyne de Bienville, 'Knight of the Order of St. Louis,' whose name is still remembered with honor among the people of New Orleans; he was, with his brother, a founder of that city, and *Lieutenant du Roy à la Louisiane*, in the Government of the Colony.

"11th. Antoine Le Moyne de Chateaugay, second of the name, *Capitaine d'une compagnie de la Marine à la Louisiane*. He married Dame Marie Jeanne Emilie des Fredailles.

"Such are the names of eleven sons; ten of whom honorably, and with distinction, served in the government of their country, receiving in the new colonies the honors and rewards of the King, who made no distinction between the born Canadian and the European.

"There were two daughters, sisters of the above; the eldest married Sieur de Noyan, a naval officer, and the second Sieur de la Chassagne.

"In a memorial of M. de Bienville, dated New Orleans, January 25th, 1723, after setting forth his services, he describes himself as Chevalier of the order of St. Louis, and Commander General of the Province of Louisiana; he states in it, that of eleven brothers, only four were then surviving: Baron de Longueuil, himself, Bienville, Serigny, and Chateaugay, and that they had all received the cross of Knights of St. Louis.

"The patent creating the Seigniorship of Longueuil into a barony is dated 19th May, 1699. It relates that the late Charles Le Moyne, Seigneur of Longueuil, emigrated from France to Canada in 1640, and had highly distinguished himself upon many occasions—that his son, Charles Le Moyne, had borne arms from an early age, and that Jacques Le Moyne de Sainte Hélène, was killed by the English at the head of his company when Quebec was attacked, on which occasion, the said Charles Le Moyne, leading on the Canadians, was also wounded. It also names with honor D'Iberville, De Bienville, De Chateaugay, De Maricourt. The patent then states that on account of the services rendered by the family, Louis XIV. had determined to give to the Seigniorship of Longueuil, as well as to the said Charles Le Moyne himself, a title of honor, in order that an honorable distinction should pass to posterity, and be an object of emulation to his children to follow the example which had been set to them. It therefore creates and erects the Seigniorship of Longueuil into a barony, to be enjoyed by the said Charles Le Moyne, his

\* Singularly enough, another Canadian William L. Le Moyne, Esq., of Quebec, my brother, expired also in St. Domingo, of yellow fever, some 138 years after—viz., in 1837.

children and successors, *et ayans cause*, and that they should enjoy the honors, rank and precedence in the assembly of nobles, as are enjoyed by other barons of the kingdom of France.

"This patent is remarkable therefore for creating a territorial barony—that is, whosoever possesses Longueuil, whether male or female, is entitled to the title and distinction of a baron of the kingdom of France. I had some doubts if it was so, but submitted the case to a very eminent lawyer, at Paris, who assures me that there can be no dispute on the subject.

"There was another barony erected in Canada in 1671, in favor of M. Talon, the Intendant of the Province: it was called '† La terre des Îlets,' which I believe is at this time owned by some religious community. However, I have pointed out above the title which, under a monarchy, this family has to distinction in Canada.

"The cession of Canada by France to England made no change in the legal right to hold honors, and a title to honors is as much a legal right as a title to an estate.

"No person by the accession was deprived of any legal right. At Malta, the old titles of honor are respected, and the Queen recognizes them in the commissions issued in her name in Malta. Whatever right French noblemen had in Canada under the French government continues at this time: in this instance the honor is greater than most titled European families can boast of.

"It is not, however, as a family matter I regard it. I wish you to remark that it was a Canadian who discovered the Mississippi from the sea, (La Salle having failed in this though he reached the sea sailing down the Mississippi), and also that the first and most celebrated Governor General of Louisiana was a French Canadian."

Here ends M. Falconer's ably written paper. We think we have made out a fair case for an old Norman house, who originally descended from the Count of Salagne, *en Biscaye*, and who enlisted on the side of Charles VII. in 1428. This count married Marguerite de la Tremouille, daughter of the Count des Guines, and Grand *Chambellan de France*, one of the oldest families of the Kingdom. We must now leave to our readers to decide, and we are willing also to accept for the house of Longueuil\* the motto—

"Sur cette terre encor sauvage  
Les vieux titres sont inconnus;  
La noblesse est dans le courage,  
Dans les talents, dans les vertus."

† Chateau Bigot stands within its limits.—see page 9.

\* The Baron de Longueuil was succeeded by his son Charles, born 18th October, 1657. He served quite young in the army, when he distinguished himself, and died Governor of Montreal, 17th of January, 1755—he was the father of upwards of fifteen children. The third Baron of Longueuil was Charles Jacques Le Moyne, born at the Castle of Longueuil, 26th July, 1724—he commanded the troops at the battle of Monongahela, 9th July, 1755. He was also made Chevalier de St. Louis and Governor of Montreal, and died whilst serving under Baron Dieskau, as the Marquis of Vaudreuil states in one of his dispatches, the 8th September, 1755, at 31 years of age, the victim of Indian treachery on the border of Lake George. His widow was re-married by special license, at

Montreal, on the 11th September, 1770, to the Hon. William Grant, Receiver-General of the Province of Canada—there was no issue from this second marriage, and on the death of the third baron the barony reverted to his only daughter, Marie Charles Josephite Le Moyne de Longueuil, who assumed the title of baroness after the death of her mother, who expired on the 25th February, 1782, at the age of 85 years. She was married in Quebec, on the 7th May, 1781, to Captain David Alexander Grant, of the 94th, by the Rev. D. Francis de Monmoulin, chaplain to the forces. Capt. Grant was a nephew of the Honorable William Grant, his son, the Honorable Charles William Grant, was fourth baron and a member of the Legislative Council of Canada, and seigneur of the barony of Longueuil. He assumed the title of Baron of Longueuil on the death of his mother, which event occurred on the 17th February, 1841. He married Miss N. Coffin, a daughter of Admiral Coffin, and died at his residence, Alwing House, at Kingston, 5th July, 1848, aged 68. His remains were transferred for burial in his barony. The fifth baron who assumed the title married in 1849, a southern lady, and now resides at Alwing House, at Kingston. The house of Longueuil is connected by marriage with the Babys, De Beajeus, Le Moines, De Montenach, Delanaudieres, De Gaspés, Delagorgendieres, and several other old families in Canada.

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## On some very Peculiar Feudal Institutions.

"LE DROIT DE GRENOUILLAGE."

### CHAPTER IX.

*[Ladies are invited to skip over this chapter, which treats of dry, legal technicalities.]*

"Et le dit Sieur, en sa qualité de gentilhomme, a déclaré ne savoir signer."

**I**N this eminently progressive age of railroads, telegraphs and balloons, when the subjugation of time and space so loudly proclaims the royalty of genius, the sovereignty of mind over matter, few will dare to revert, except for the sake of contrast, to those times which, with so much self-complacency, we style the dark ages; and still this is precisely what we intend to do, less however to show that this condemnatory expression is misapplied—in fact a misnomer,—less to disturb the verdict of posterity and demand a new trial, than in the spirit of the old judge who, during his leisure hours, reads over the notes of evidence on which he based his judgments on former trials. Like over him, an indistinct sense of doubt occasionally creeps over us, which in the secret of our hearts, now and again forces on our attention the following questions:—Have we thoroughly sifted, in all its bearings, the subject on which we have adjudicated? Have those same middle ages brought before our tribunal, had a fair trial? Have we not, perchance, given too much weight to the crown witnesses, and not enough to those summoned for the defence? Has the defendant had an opportunity of bringing into court all the documentary evidence available in such a momentous inquiry? In other words, when we lavish such wholesale abuse on our ancestors, are we sure we fully understand, truly appreciate the hidden motives which actuated their actions? Are we certain some designing men have not for a purpose traduced this eventful period of the world's history, purposely vilified its institutions, knowingly libelled its actors? Fortunately it is not our province to answer satisfactorily and fully these

grave inquiries. We will be quite content for the present with merely raising a corner of the veil which stands between us and the past; and, reader, if perchance during the operation, your peering eye should detect the nakedness of some of our forefathers' queer conceits, we beseech you not to judge of them by the standard of to-day, but rather look on, like Shem and Japheth, *i. e.* with charity. Rest assured, little analogy can exist between the present time and the customs and manners of a period, in which it was not considered out of place to lavish stores of the most recondite learning in solving the unimportant problem "how many spirits can stand on the point of a needle without jostling one another?" and in which another subject of deep research then, but which will doubtless now appear of secondary moment to the general welfare of mankind, was "what was the colour of the Virgin Mary's hair?" Some profound thinkers, by elaborate arguments, showed that it must have been red; our taste would have inclined for auburn.

We are led to the present inquiry by the perusal of a cleverly written book, compiled by Louis Veuillot, *ex-rédacteur* of the *Univers*, a Paris newspaper recently suppressed by the elect of thirty-two millions of free men, either because his people were not sufficiently advanced to have a free press, or that a free press was a *malum per se*. We know of some of his subjects in Canada who, in their writings, deny both these doctrines.

But—says the utilitarian—practically, what have we in Canada to do with Louis Veuillot or his book? Nothing, certainly, more than this: it contains, over and above, a most interesting controversy waged by the champion of the ultramontane party in France and the late Attorney General and present President of the Cour de Cassation, Mr. Dupin, on this occasion the mouth-piece of the French Liberal party—a new confirmation of an opinion frequently set forth here, *viz. : that the Feudal tenure, in its mildest form only, was introduced into Canada*, although France, England and Germany for centuries groaned under its most obnoxious features.

According to Veuillot those feudal barons, whom we depict to ourselves so intent on oppressing and so ready for trivial offences to roast and quarter their unfortunate serfs, were in very many cases the very reverse of cruel; nay, some were humane and considerate to a degree. He tells of some being quiet satisfied with the gift of a pig, a goose, a sheep, for the right to pasture the whole flock on the domain of the

landlord ; sometimes their eccentric humors betrayed them into strange fancies. He shows us a seigneur in France to whose manor the peasantry drove each year, in a vehicle drawn by four horses, a lark ; in another locality, an egg was substituted. We are also told that at Boulogne the Benedictine monks of Saint Proculus exacted from those who had leasehold property under them, the *steam* of a boiled capon ; the operation was performed thus : on a fixed day in each year, the tenant drew near the table of the seigneur, bearing the boiled chicken between two dishes, when the upper dish was removed to allow the fumes to escape ; this done he would remove the dish and the chicken.\* He had acquitted

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\* We find several instances of tenures equally singular in England :—"A farm at Brookhouse, in Langsett, in the parish of Peniston, and county of York, pays yearly to Godfry Bosville, Esq., a snow ball in midsummer and a red rose at Christmas."

William de Albemarle holds the manor of Loston "by the service of finding for his lord the king, two arrows and a loaf of oat bread, when he should hunt in the forest of Dartmore."

Solomon Attefeld held land at Reperland and Atherton, in the county of Kent, upon condition "that as often as our lord the king would cross the sea, the said Solomon and heirs ought to go with him to hold his head on the sea if it was needful."

John Compes had the manor of Finchinglefield given him by King Edward III., for the service of turning the spit at his coronation."

Geoffrey Frumband held sixty acres of land in Wingfield, in the county of Suffolk, by the service of paying to our lord the king *two white doves* yearly.

John de Roches holds the manor of Winterslew, in Wiltshire, by the service that when the king should abide at Clarendon, he should go into the butlery of the king's palace there, and draw out of what vessel he chooses, as much wine as should be needful for making a *pitcher of claret*, which he should make at the king's expense ; and that he should serve the king with a cup, and should have the vessel whence he took the wine, with all the wine then in it, together with the cup whence the king should drink the claret.

The town of Yarmouth is, by charter, bound to send the sheriffs of Norwich a *hundred herrings*, which are to be baked in *twenty-four pies or patties*, and delivered to the lord of the manor of East Carlton, who is to convey them to the king.

At the coronation of James II., the lord of the manor of Heydon, in Essex, claimed to hold the *basin and ewer* to the king by virtue of one moiety, and the *towel* by virtue of the other moiety of the same manner, whenever the king washed before dinner, but the claim was allowed only as to the towel.

Sir Walter Scott gives the following anecdote relative to James V. of Scotland :—"Another adventure, which had nearly cost James his life, is said to have taken place at the village of Cramond, near Edinburgh, where he had rendered his addresses acceptable to a pretty girl of the lower rank. Four or five persons, whether relations or lovers of his mistress is uncertain, beset the disguised monarch, as he returned from his rendezvous. Naturally gallant, and an admirable master of his weapon, the king took post on the high and narrow bridge over the Almond river, and defended himself bravely with his sword. A peasant, who was thrashing in a neighboring barn, came out upon the noise, and whether moved by compassion or by natural gallantry, took the weaker side, and laid about with his flail so effectually, as to disperse the assailants, well thrashed, even according to the letter. He then conducted the king into his barn, where his guest requested a basin and towel, to remove the stains of the broil. This being procured with difficulty, James employed himself in learning what was the summit of his deliverer's earthly wishes, and found that they were bounded by the desire of possessing, in property, the farm of Braehead, upon which he laboured as a bondsman. The lands chanced to belong to the crown, and James directed him to come to the Palace of Holly-Rood, and enquire for the gudeman (*i. e.* farmer) of Ballangeich, a name by which he was known in his excursions, and which answered to *Il Bondocani*



his feudal service. Now we do not wish to speak ill of Benedictine or any other monks, but we do state, without fear of contradiction, even by M. Veuillot, that at that remote period there existed many abbés, whose appetite was not satisfied merely from inhaling the steam of a boiled chicken. Some of these feudal land owners, however, were right good fellows. It is recorded that before the year 1450, the peasantry of Vaulx, in Normandy, residing within five miles of the Abbey of the Holy Trinity of Caën, were annually treated, on the *fête* of the Holy Trinity, to a substantial repast within the walls of the monastery. The *carte de cuisine* stood thus: "They were first to wash their hands (not altogether a superfluous preliminary for laboring men); then all sat down, a cloth was spread before them; to each was served out a small loaf of bread weighing from twenty to twenty-two ounces, a square piece of pork six inches long, after which came a slice of grilled ham (*lard roudi sur le greil*), a panikin of bread and milk, and cider and cervoesie *ad libitum* during a four hour's sitting. With such royal cheer and such considerate masters, it is not at all surprising to hear a king of France—Louis X.—in 1315, after publishing edicts to liberate his subjects from the feudal servitude, complain that some of his people, being *ill advised*, preferred to remain as they were to becoming free. A learned writer, Delisle, from these and other instances, concludes that several of the customs which now appear to us as the most obnoxious, were the very ones which in the feudal times were considered the lightest, as their performance was attended with no trouble. And to this class belonged the famous *Droit de Grenouillage*, the subject of Messrs. Dupin and Michelet's irreverent mirth. These writers had perversely furbished up some old worm eaten charters on whose authority they accused the landed aristocracy of the middle ages with being in the habit of compelling their serfs to turn out on the wedding night of the lord of the manor, to beat the frog ponds, in order that his lordship's rest might not be disturbed by the noisy croakings of the frogs; and what was worse in the eyes of Veuillot,

of Haroun Alraschid. He presented himself accordingly, and found with due astonishment that he had saved his monarch's life, and that he was to be gratified with a crown-charter of the lands of Braehead, under the service of presenting an ewer, basin, and towl, for the king to wash his hands, when he shall happen to pass the Bridge of Cramond. In 1822, when George IV. came to Scotland, the descendant of this John Howison of Braehead, who still possesses the estate which was given to his ancestors, appeared at a solemn festival, and offered his Majesty water from a silver ewer." This gave rise to the old song "We'll gae nae mair a roving."



certain jolly friars, such as the Abbé de Luxeuil and the Abbé de Prüm, stood also charged with having required the performance of this sardanapalian service, not of course on their wedding night, (for none but bad Abbés married in those times), but whenever they resided in their domains, as the following lines showed :—

“ Pâ ! Pâ ! rainotte, Pâ ! (silence, frogs, silence !)

“ Voici monsieur l’abbé que Dieu gâ. (Near you rests monsieur l’abbé, whom may heaven watch over).”

Not only were the peasants compelled to beat the frog ponds, but during the operation, in order to keep themselves awake, they were expected to croak out (in a subdued voice, we should imagine) this cabalistic formula. The performance of the croaking service was confined to those vassals whose land had on that condition been freed from *servitude*. A large portion of the volume before us is taken up in discussing this custom, of which few instances can be found ; amongst others, the case of a drowsy German emperor is adduced, who having to sojourn over night in the village of Freinsenn, was threatened with being kept awake by the concerts of frogs ; fortunately for his Highness, the peasantry mustered in time and compelled Aristophanes’ noisy heroes to knock under, on which the mighty emperor freed his considerate vassals. Although it is said that at one time it was considered a special seigniorial privilege for a baronial benedict to sleep soundly on his wedding night, nothing exists to show that this is the real cause why Mynheer Deutchman had so highly prized his uninterrupted nap ; the probability is that he felt tired after travelling and wanted more than “ forty winks.”\*

\* Pity it is, the *Droit de Grenouillage* should be obsolete, especially in such a locality as Lake Beauport, where bull-frogs of fabulous size occasionally make the night hideous and sleepless with their *boomings*. The reader is reminded not to confound these plethoric individuals with the ordinary piping frog, *rana pipiens*, whose shrill squeak ceases about the 21st of June of each year, and who caused the cockney’s mistake : “ My dear parients,” wrote young hopeful to his Bow-bells relatives, the day after his arrival in Canada, “ Canada is a strange place : it is swarming with papists. The gentlemen leave, on their residence out of the city, a great deal of fine fir and furniture wood *uncut*. There is one peculiarity which struck me : the birds are not numerous, but some have a singularly loud song, and sing all night. Of this class is the Canadian nightingale, whose shrill note kept me from sleeping all last night. I hope, however, to get accustomed to it in time. I am spending a day or two at a place called Lake Beauport. Your dutiful son.”

Speaking of the nightingale reminds me of another unjustifiable joke, a roguish bird fancier played on another cockney gentleman. This bird fancier’s son had purchased on the market a common snow bird, for one penny ; in transferring it from one cage to the other, he accidentally pulled out its tail ; the bird was, however, exposed for sale in his window, and a verdant young Englishman, with more money than brains, was attracted by the comical figure it cut :—“ What a very singular bird,” he said, “ was it born so ? ” “ Why, yes,” said the bird seller, “ of course it was.” “ What

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Mr. Veuillot thinks that this *Droit de Grenouillage* was not a whit more humiliating than the obligation the ordinary seignior was under to pour out drink for his superior, and his superior did not consider himself degraded for having to hold the shirt of his royal master when dressing. Counts and barons stood protracted law suits to enforce their rights to do homage to those above them, and these struggled as hard to get rid of an homage too expensive for them to keep up. When the Count of Cahors, who was also a bishop, approached his chief city, the Baron of Cessac was wont to precede him to a certain spot, indicated in old titles, where he was bound to meet him. Once arrived there, he would dismount, and having saluted the prelate with his hat off, his right leg bare and wearing a slipper, he would take the bishop's mule by the bridle and thus lead it towards the cathedral, from thence to the episcopal palace, where he would wait on the bishop during dinner time; this performed he would retire, taking with him the bishop's mule and *silver plate*. This ceremony took place as late as 1604, for the Bishop Etienne de Poppian; it resulted in a law suit, which was adjudicated on by the parliament of Toulouse. The complaint preferred by the Baron de Cessac was that the silver plate used on this occasion was not suitable to the *status* of the parties concerned, nor in accordance with the terms of his charter. The court condemned the count to provide the baron with a gilt set of silver plate, or else its legitimate value *à dire d'experts*, due regard being had to the quality of the individuals and to the grandeur of the occasion. The *experts* decided that the value of the plate was 3,123 livres. Etienne de Poppian's successor, Pierre de Habert tried to enter the city in 1627 without notifying the Baron de Cessac; the latter summoned him; the bishop pleaded that he was not

species do you call it, then?" "I never saw the like of it before," replied the bird fancier. "A stranger just told me it was a Jersey nightingale, a very rare bird." "What will you take for it?" "I could not think of parting with it." A few days passed, and the young man returned and begged as a favor to be allowed to purchase it. Finally, the bird fancier accepted seven and sixpence for it, *as a favor*. A month after, there was a *tall* row in the bird store, which nearly ended by a prosecution for assault and battery. This I know to be a fact.

Strange birds may, however, puzzle more learned men than a cockney youth. Every one remembers how a very learned professor of natural history was perplexed one day by the trick a waggish pupil played on him. A bird unclassified in the European, American, or any other fauna, was pompously brought forward and presented to the erudite doctor for examination. His brow got as dark as Erebus, and finally he made the humiliating confession, "*he was non plussed in toto*." The mischievous pupil then gravely stated that he had only been trying to see "how a woodcock would look with a spruce partridge's head on it," when properly joined together by a good bird stuffer.

liable ; that it was optional with the seignior to require the attendnace of his vassal at any ceremony whatever ; that the attendance herein alluded to was particularly humbling for the vassal, for which reason he had dispensed him with it. The Baron de Cessac replied that it was a special prerogative of his to be allowed to attend on the count on his entry in his chief town, quoting various old Roman customs and Latin texts in support of his position. The bishop lost his suit in that court and in the Court of Appeals, and by decree (*arrêt*) of the 16th July, 1680, the baron was maintained in his cherished homage toward the count. Mr. Veuillot having shown pretty conclusively that all feudal rights and services were not necessarily oppressive and odious, discusses with his usual eloquence another feudal custom, which, if well authenticated, is undoubtedly one of the gravest charges against the morality of those times. This custom is known to old French writers as the *Droit de Jambage* ; the apologist of the middle ages calls it simply *Droit du Seigneur* ; he summons to his aid all his erudition, all his ingenuity, to explain off the *arrêts* and passages\* invoked by Messrs. Dupin and Michelet, with what degree of success the reader of his book can judge for himself.

The want of space compells us, albeit reluctantly, to adjourn this inquiry into the institutions of times gone by. We may again revert to it hereafter, but before concluding, we must, on the authority of Mr. Veuillot, and we do so with pleasure, deny the correctness of a charge frequently made respecting the penmanship of our ancestors, as embodied in the words prefacing this sketch, and said to be found at the end of several old deeds and charters :—" Le dit Sieur, en sa qualité de gentil-homme, a déclaré ne savoir signer." A careful examination of many thousand deeds and charters enabled him to assert the contrary most positively. Here we are at the end of this communication without having scarcely redeemed our promise "to raise a small corner of the veil of the past," in order to lay before the reader the grounds for philosophical doubts as to the entire correctness of the verdict arrived at by posterity respecting the feudal times.

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\* The following is one of the chief quotations on which Mr. Dupin rests his theory : "J'ai vu, dit Boërius (décision 297), juger dans la Cour de Bourges, devant le métropolitain, un procès d'appel où le curé de la paroisse prétendait que de vieille date, il avait la première connaissance charnelle avec la fiancée ; laquelle coutume avait été annulée et changée en amende.

Since writing the foregoing, a friend has placed in our hands the pungent and elaborate reply which Mr. Veuillot's book has elicited from a French savant, under the heading, "*Refutation du Livre de M. Veuillot sur le Droit du Seigneur*. Par Jules Delpit."

In such a fiery controversy as the one raging between the two writers, and on which we merely look as disinterested outsiders, it would be presumptuous for us to decide who is right. Veuillot, as a pamphlet writer, a publicist, and the organ of what is denominated the clerical party in France, is undoubtedly a great name—a tower of strength to his party. On the other hand, the confident tone, biting irony, and formidable array of erudition, law quotations, old charters, arrêts, produced by his adversary, challenge enquiry and investigation. Jules Delpit asserts positively that the *Droit du Seigneur*, in its worst acceptation, existed in several European kingdoms, and quotes *seventy-two* instances. We are quite satisfied, in appreciating this subject, which to us is of no actual moment, to inscribe over both combatants—

"Adhuc sub judice lis est."

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## The Loss of the "Auguste."

FRENCH REFUGEES.

### CHAPTER X.

IT was on the 22nd February, 1762; night's silent shades had long since closed round the grist mill of St. Jean Port Joly, County of L'Islet; the clock had just struck nine, when a tall man, in tattered garments, walked in and begged for a night's rest. Captain D'Haberville, as he was wont to do, when unoccupied, was seated in a corner of the room, his head depressed, evidently a prey to sombre thoughts. It requires considerable resolution to reconcile with poverty he, who was previously cradled in ease and luxury, especially when a numerous family depends on that man; still greater courage is needed to bear up with fate when misfortune cannot be traced to improvidence, expensive habits, prodigality, bad conduct, but is simply the result of uncontrollable events. The man whose folly causes his own downfall, whilst smarting under remorse, if he is reflective, soon discovers the expediency of speedily submitting to circumstances.

Captain D'Haberville felt no remorse; in the solitude of his heart, he would occasionally repeat to himself: "I cannot think I deserved such a heavy blow. O Heaven! grant me strength; give me courage, since it has pleased you to smite me down."

The voice of the stranger had caused the captain a thrilling emotion. Why? he did not know. Pausing a second, he said:

"My friend, you are welcome to stay here over night; you will also have your supper. My miller will provide you with a resting place in the mill."

"Thanks," replied the stranger, "but I am very exhausted; pray, give me a glass of spirits."

D'Haberville, feeling little inclined to divide with the unknown the scanty supply of brandy he kept on the premises, in case of sickness said he had none.

"If you only knew who I am, D'Haberville," listlessly rejoined the stranger, "you would give me the last drop of brandy you have in your house."

The captain felt indignant at being thus familiarly addressed by a mere vagrant; still there was something in the man's accent which convulsed him with emotion, and the indignant rebuke ready to escape, died on his lips.

At this moment Blanche, his daughter, entering the room, with a lighted candle, the whole family were struck with unutterable horror; motionless, there stood in their presence a veritable skeleton, in height a giant, a hideous giant, whose bones seemed ready to burst through the skin. An emaciated countenance; bloodless veins, from whence vampires seemed to have sucked the stream of life; leaden pale eyes, like those of Banquo's ghost, *without speculation*, such was what remained of the Chevalier Lacorne De Saint Luc, one of the richest and most distinguished men in the colony, under French rule. One moment more and Captain D'Haberville flew into his arms.

"What, you here, my dear De St. Luc; why, the sight of my bitterest foe would cause me less horror! Speak, speak, I beseech you. Tell us how our relatives, our dear friends have exchanged the deck of the *Auguste* for the insatiable deep, whilst you, the sole survivor, are now here to announce the harrowing tale."

The unbroken silence of De Saint Luc, his downcast, sorrowful countenance, revealed more than words could utter.

"Accursed, then, be the tyrant,"\* roared out D'Haberville, "accursed

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\* Not the least interesting part of Mr. DeGaspé's work are the notes. "I have," says he, "attempted in this book to portray the misfortunes which the conquest brought on the greater portion of the Canadian *noblesse*, whose descendants, now forgotten, languish on the very soil which was once defended and soaked with the blood of their ancestors. Let those who say they were deficient in ability or energy, remember that their education and habits having been totally military, it was not easy to exchange them for new occupations.

"The old families who remained in Canada after the conquest, used to say that General James Murray, through hatred of the French, had insisted on their immediate expulsion; that he had them put on board of an old condemned vessel, and that before they sailed he was constantly repeating, with an oath, 'It is impossible to distinguish the victors from the vanquished when you see these damned Frenchmen pass, wearing their uniforms and swords.' Such was the tradition in my youth. Happily, these times are far away and forgotten."—[P. A. D&G.]

be the man who, through hatred of the French, has been the means of wilfully consigning to a watery grave so many brave hearts, by compelling them to depart in the most stormy season of the year, in an old, unseaworthy vessel."

"Instead of venting curses on your enemies," said De Saint Luc, in a harsh tone, "thank heaven that General Murray has granted you and yours a reprieve of two years to dispose of your property and return to France."

The chevalier then related all that had happened since the *Auguste* had sailed from Quebec, on the 15th October; how, after a succession of storms, shipwreck on the 15th November—finally consigned to the depths of the ocean, all the passengers and the crew, except six sailors; how the seven survivors had to dig graves for the unfortunate exiles—on the shores of Cape Briton, where the ship was stranded,—in all *one hundred and fourteen corpses*; how, in the depth of winter, half clad and starving, he had travelled some sixteen hundred miles on snowshoes, after successively tiring out several Indian guides.

The reader will have recognized in this extract a translation from a passage of that charming volume *Les Anciens Canadiens*, recently published by our respected townsman, P. A. DeGaspé, Esq., Seigneur of St. Jean Port Joly: himself not a bad personification of the courteous, well-bred, feudal dignitary of former times. The loss of the ship which was conveying back to France the expatriated Canadians, and the melancholy death of so many distinguished inhabitants, whom Governor Murray, it is said, had compelled to sail in the *Auguste*, naturally created considerable excitement amongst the friends and relatives of the victims, and contributed powerfully to render the English governor odious to the colonists. Amongst the victims were Madame de Meziere,—a grand aunt of Mr. DeGaspé, and daughter of Baron de Longueuil,—who perished with her child. Mr. DeGaspé also furnishes a lively account of the interview of the Chevalier de Lacorne with the governor of the colony, in the Château St. Louis.† How Governor Murray was moved to pity by the

† The compilers of Hawkin's picture of Quebec, the late gifted Andrew Steuart and the late Dr. J. C. Fisher, thus graphically describe the Chateau St. Louis:—"Few circumstances of discussion and enquiry are more interesting than the history and fate of ancient buildings, especially if we direct our attention to the fortunes and vicissitudes of those who were connected with them. The temper, genius and pursuits of an historical era are frequently delineated in the features of remarkable edifices: nor can any one contemplate them without experiencing curiosity concerning those who first formed the plan, and afterwards created and tenanted the structure. These observations apply particularly to the subject of this chapter.



sight De Saint Luc's emaciated form presented. How he gradually softened towards the portion of the *old noblesse* which remained in the country, and eventually became the friend of the chevalier. This interview of De Saint Luc\* and Captain D'Haberville is not an imaginary

The history of the ancient Castle of St. Lewis, or Fort of Quebec, for above two centuries the seat of government in the province, affords subjects of great and stirring interest during its several periods. The hall of the old fort, during the weakness of the colony, was often a scene of terror and despair at the inroad of the persevering and ferocious Iroquois; who, having passed or overthrown all the outposts, more than once threatened the fort itself, and massacred some friendly Indians within sight of its walls. There, too, in intervals of peace, were laid those benevolent plans for the religious instruction and conversion of the savages, which at one time distinguished the policy of the ancient governors. At a later era, when, under the protection of the French kings, the province had acquired the rudiments of military strength and power, the Castle of St. Lewis was remarkable as having been the sight whence the French governors exercised an immense sovereignty, extending from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, along the shores of that noble river, its magnificent lakes,—and down the course of the Mississippi, to its outlet at New Orleans. The banner which first streamed from the battlements of Quebec, was displayed from a chain of forts, which protected the settlements throughout this vast extent of country: keeping the English colonies in constant alarm, and securing the fidelity of the Indian nations. During this period, the council chamber of the castle was the scene of many a midnight vigil,—many a long deliberation and deep-laid project,—to free the continent from the intrusion of the ancient rival of France, and assert throughout the supremacy of the Gallic lily. At another era, subsequent to the surrender of Quebec to the British arms, and until the recognition of the independence of the United States, the extent of empire, of the government of which the Castle of Quebec was the principal seat, comprehended the whole American continent, north of Mexico! It is astonishing to reflect for a moment, to how small, and, as to size, comparatively insignificant an island in the Atlantic ocean, this gigantic territory was once subject!

Here also was rendered to the representative of the French king, with all its ancient forms, the fealty and homage of the noblesse, and military retainers, who held possessions in the province under the crown—a feudal ceremony, suited to early times, which imposed a real and substantial obligation on those who performed it, not to be violated without forfeiture and dishonor. The King of Great Britain having succeeded to the rights of the French crown, this ceremony is still (in 1835) maintained. [Fealty and homage is rendered at this day by the seigniors to the governor, as the representative of the sovereign in the following form: His Excellency being in full dress and seated in a state chair, surrounded by his staff, and attended by the attorney general, the seignior, in an evening dress and wearing a sword, is introduced into his presence by the inspector general of the royal domain and clerk of the land roll, and having delivered up his sword, and kneeling upon one knee before the governor, places his right hand between his, and repeats the ancient oath of fidelity; after which a solemn act is drawn up in a register, kept for that purpose, which is signed by the governor and seignior, and countersigned by the proper officers.]

In England, it is also still performed by the peers at the coronation of our kings, in Westminster Abbey, although the ceremony is much curtailed of its former impressive observances.

The Castle of St. Lewis was in early times rather a strong hold of defence, than an embellished ornament of royalty. Seated on a tremendous precipice,—

On a rock whose haughty brow

Frown'd o'er St. Lawrence foaming tide—

and looking defiance to the utmost boldness of the assailant, nature lent her aid to the security of the position. The cliff on which it stood rises nearly two hundred feet in perpendicular height above the river. The castle thus commanded on every side a most extensive prospect, and until the occupation of the higher ground to the southwest, afterwards called Cape Diamond, must have been the principal object among the buildings of the city.

\* We follow in history and in old memoirs the subsequent career of the Chevalier de



occurrence: it retraces what really did take place between Mr. De Gaspé's grandfather, Ignace Aubert DeGaspé, at one time a captain in the French navy, and the chevalier, as related to Mr. DeGaspé, some fifty years ago, by his aunt, Madame Bailly de Messein, who was about fifteen years of age when this occurred.

We are thus brought face to face with those fierce spirits of the *ancien régime*, who, like the Sewells, Smiths, Robinsons, and other United Empire Loyalists, later on, had preferred renouncing fortune, position, and friends, to accepting a foreign yoke. It would be curious to follow up the destinies of the Canadian exiles: some returned to the mother country to rot in the Bastille; others, such as the DeLerys, culled laurels and titles in the wars of the Republic and of the first Empire.\* Possibly some of their grandchildren, now counts or barons under the new *regime*, may enjoy the distinguished honor of an entrée to the *cercle imperial*, together with the privilege of dancing "*La Salammbô*," under the approving eye and bewitching smile of the *Grandes Dames de la Cour*.

We are not, however, prepared to assert whether the departure of those proud aristocrats, tainted by the impure exhalations of the French court of the day, and to whom Magna Charta and the institutions of a free people were unknown—we are not, we repeat, ready to say whether their voluntary exile was not a blessing instead of a loss to the country. For the sake of the family honor, we hope and trust our ancestors were all they are cracked up.

Let us thank that old hand which has seen seventy-eight summers and which, its owner says, "must soon be colder even than Canada's winters," for having assisted in thus raising the veil on times little known, and graphically delineated the doings and sayings of the

Lacorne, and find him serving under General Burgogne. There is a spirited letter still extant of the Chevalier to the General, in which he tells him hard truths.

\* He formed part of the distinguished Canadians who, on the 8th June, 1775, offered their services to Mayor Preston, at Montreal, to retake and hold Fort St. John from the Americans, and effectually did so on the 10th June, placing it into the hands of a detachment of the 7th Reg. or Royal Fusileers, under Capt. Kineer. They were the Chevalier de Belestre, De Longueil, De Lotbinière, De Rouville, De Boucherville, De Lacorne, De Labruère, De St. Ours, Perthuis, Hervieux, Gamelin, De Montigny, D'Eschambault and others. For this service General Carleton publicly thanked them. In September of the same year, this party, with the assistance of a number of Quebec and Three Rivers volunteers, viz: Messrs. De Montesson, Duchesnay, De Rigouville, De Salaberry, De Tonancour, Beaubien, Demusseau, Moquin, Lamraque, Faucher and others, started for St. Johns, near Montreal, to relieve the 7th and 26th regiments, then in charge of the fort, and who expected a siege, but after being beleaguered, the fort surrendered on 2nd November to General Montgomery. The Canadians and the two regiments were carried away prisoners of war—Congress refusing to exchange the Canadians, "they being too much attached to the English government and too influential in

Murrays,\* the Carletons, the Haldimands, as well as those of the De Lanaudières, the Lacornes, the Babys, the Longueils, the Dunieres, &c.; may it be spared some time longer, and furnish us with more of those life-like sketches of "*Ancient Canadians*."

*their own country.*" Two, Messrs. Demontesson and De Rigouville, died prisoners of war; De Lacorne, Perthuis and Beaubien had been killed during the siege; De Lotbinière had an arm shot off; De Salaberry was twice wounded.

\*Is there not some inaccuracy in the opinion conveyed of the conduct and character of General Murray? It is possible that, like many others, the general may, on his arrival in Canada, have been misled in judging of the French Canadians; but the state papers he addressed to the imperial authorities show what a favorable opinion he then entertained of the fidelity and honor of the Canadian *noblesse*.

These national antipathies, which fortunately are fast disappearing, formerly manifested themselves, sometimes very ludicrously. In the stormy days of the ninety-two resolutions, when the eloquent leader of the Commons of Canada, Louis Joseph Papineau, was nightly carried home in triumph to his hotel on the shoulders of an enthusiastic crowd, there were also in parliament Marchildons and L-wills, men of original views, but better acquainted with the plough or the anvil than with the amenities of social intercourse, and ever ready to fancy themselves slighted. It is related that an M.P.P. named Beaudoin, having received a card to a château ball, made it his business to attend; the evening was sultry, and ice-cream in corresponding demand. The rustic legislator, whose palate had never come in contact with the frigid delicacy, soon came to the conclusion that what every one asked for must be very desirable. "Waiter," said he, "*emportez moi, comment appelez-vous ça, ice-creme*?" "Yes sir," replied lacquety; and instantler, the Canadian Solon was provided with an ample plate of ice-cream, from which he transferred to his unsuspecting palate a large spoonful. But, O horror! his teeth immediately chattered from cold, as if he had a fit of ague—boiling over with patriotic rage, he roared to the frightened waiter, "Pendant! si c'eut été pour un Anglais, tu l'aurais fait chauffer!" "You abominable rascal! had you intended this for an Englishman, you would have taken the chill off!" The company, from His Excellency downwards, were convulsed with laughter.

## Marie Josephte Corribeau,---A Canadian Lafarge.

### CHAPTER XI.

THAT we have had in Canada very great rascals, some of imported stock, others of home growth, few who will take the trouble to scan this department of our history will be disposed to deny. Colonial crime has not yet, however, stalked forth in those fantastical forms, nor has it attained that luxurance of developement, which it occasionally assumes in the old world. Several types are still unrepresented. The religious scoundrel, notwithstanding several fair attempts, has never yet been becomingly typified in Canada, nor has the philosophical executioner: whereas, old England, in one of her knights, in the sanctimonious, sleek, white gloved Sir Dean Paul, presents to our gaze the life portrait of a full fledged villain, one whose pious donations were exceeded by his frauds only, and civilized France, in her world renowned Robespierre,\* discoursing with the eloquence of Plato on the immortality of the soul, during those short intervals not taken up in signing death warrants, furnishes a finished picture of a monster of whose very existence we would fain doubt. The colonial historian, whose duty hereafter it may be to inscribe conspicuously on the role of infamy the names of such characters, must be content to do like those sensible Grand Trunk shareholders, who still expect eleven per cent. dividends: *he must wait until they come.* I hope he may have to wait as long.

Murders, more or less cold-blooded; robberies of every hue, our assize testify to. Bubbles, like the "South Sea Bubble" of yore, entailing ruin on myriads of victims, we also have had. An occasional case of poisoning amongst the peasantry, has now and again startled provincial ears, but a Brinvilliers we never yet had, such at least as history depicts the guilty friend of Sainte Croix. This fiend incarnate was beheaded

\* Any one turning up Alison's History of Europe, will read with astonishment some of Robespierre's discourses; you notice the most lofty, the most enabling sentiments uttered by a man whose instincts were those of the hyena.

after poisoning her two brothers, her father and her sister ; her husband escaped by good luck more than good management. Madame DeSeigné quaintly tells us how : " Comme elle voulait épouser Sainte Croix, elle empoisonnait fort souvent son mari ; mais Sainte Croix qui ne voulait, point d'une femme aussi méchante qu'elle, donnait du contre-poison à ce pauvre mari, de sorte qu'ayant été ballotté cinq ou six fois de cette sorte, tantot empoisonné, tantot déempoisonné, il est demeuré en vie." Sainte Croix managed to save the life of the marquis each time in order himself to escape marriage with such a monster as the marchionness was.

I intend now to rescue from the oblivion of the past, a hideous figure, a being whose supposed fate stamped on the early times of British rule in Canada, a brand of ferocity which they scarcely deserve. An authentic document, discovered within a few years, throws a very desirable light on a question much debated at one time,—I allude to the mode of execution adopted by one of General Murray's court-martials in 1763, with respect to Marie Josephte Corriveau. These court-martials were quite odious enough to the people without it being necessary to impute to them acts of which they were not guilty.

There are few in Quebec who do not recollect having heard of, or seen, in 1850, when it was exhibited in this city, a rusty iron cage, very antique in appearance. It somewhat resembled in shape a human form, having hollow iron arms, extended at right angles with the body, with legs attached to it, and a sperical iron structure, to receive the head. This cage came in the possession of the man who exhibited it after having been clandestinely abstracted from the Pointe Levy grave yard. The exhibitor realised a handsome amount, previous to disposing of his relic to the prince of modern humbugs, in whose museum the " Point Levy relic," as it was styled, remained on view for a long time, where, next to the woolly horse, the Aztecs, and other modern wonders, it attracted considerable attention. Nothing was visible in the rusty old coop but a piece of blanched bone. A mysterious tale of crime, however, invested this frail remnant of mortality, with vivid interest. Tradition has supplied several accessories to a fact, which recent historical researches have placed beyond the region of doubt. Until lately this cage was supposed to have been the instrument of torture and last abode before death, of a Canadian Lafarge, who had murdered her two husbands in an extraor-

dinary way; in one instance adopting a process calculated to leave behind, no traces of violence.

Shortly after the cession of Canada to England, namely, in 1763—an awful murder occurred in the parish of St. Vallier, district of Montmagny; although a hundred years have rolled by, the memory of the deed, disfigured by local and fantastical legends, is still vividly impressed on the minds of the peasantry.

In November, 1749, Marie Josephte Corriveau, (an ominous name by the by) was wedded to a farmer of St. Vallier. Eleven years after, on the 27th April, 1760, the man died. A vague rumor gradually became current that this woman had murdered her husband by pouring molten lead in his ear, when he was asleep. No action, however, seems to have been taken by the authorities, and three months after the death of her first husband, on the 20th July, 1760, she married Louis Dodier, another farmer of St. Vallier. It is said that after living with her second husband three years, Marie Josephte Corriveau seized on the opportunity, when he was sound asleep, to slip a noose round his neck; she then quietly passed the end of the rope through a pine knot-hole in the framework of her rude dwelling, and leisurely retiring outside, tried her best to produce strangulation on her liege lord. The agonizing man struggled hard, calling loudly for help, when the inhuman monster, having made fast the end of the rope outside the house, rushed in to feast her eyes on the inanimate form of the man whom, shortly before, she had sworn "to love, respect and obey," but instead of confronting a hideous corpse, with protruding eyes and stiffened limbs, her astonished gaze rested on the figure of a man quietly seated on a chair, close to her bed. It was her husband, who, having caught a glimpse of the rope under his bed, had suspected treachery: he had therefore feigned sleep, and even allowed the heartless wife to place the halter round his neck; when waiting, until she had passed one end of it through a flaw in the house gable, and retired outside, he inserted his pillow where his neck had been, gently shaking it occasionally, and uttering now and then a stifled groan. Madame Corriveau must have been wonderfully clever to have succeeded in obtaining forgiveness from her husband, after such heinous conduct, or else the intended victim must have been next thing to an idiot to spare her; she, however, soon decided in ridding herself of a man whose revelations might bring her to the gallows, and shortly after, took occa-

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sion of his being in a sound sleep to batter in his brains with a pitch-fork; after which feat, she dragged the body to the stable, placed it behind a horse, to induce the belief that her husband had died from the effects of a kick from the animal. The treacherous wife was charged with the murder, jointly with her father and with a woman named Sylvain. The law was in those days administered by military tribunals—court-martials. It was established at the trial that the horse was a quiet animal, and proved that the wounds could never have been inflicted by a horse's kick: *she was convicted*. One fact yet remains unexplained, and that is, the extraordinary influence which the murderess exercised on her father, Joseph Corriveau, and which was such as to induce him to allow himself to be tried for a crime of which it does not appear he was guilty. The facts of the case are summarily related in a document recently discovered at Murray Bay, amongst the papers of the Nairn family. This document, no doubt, found its way at Murray Bay through some of the officers who sat on the court-martial, and who belonged to\* Fraser's Highlanders, who settled in numbers at Murray Bay, in 1782, and were the immediate progenitors of genuine Jean Baptistes—such as the Warrens, the McLeans, the Harveys, the Blackburns, and several other families, who of their Scotch ancestry have retained nothing save the name. They are all Roman Catholics, and speak nothing but French. The document in question runs thus:—

QUEBEC, 10th April, 1763.

[GENERAL ORDER.]

“The court-martial, whereof Lieutenant-Colonel Morris was president, having tried Joseph Corriveau and Marie Josephete Corriveau, Canadians, for the murder of Louis Dodier, as also Isabelle Sylvain, a Canadian, for perjury on the same trial, the governor doth ratify and confirm the following sentence:—That Joseph Corriveau having been found guilty of the charge brought against him, he is therefore adjudged to be hung for the same.

“The court is likewise of opinion that Marie Josephete Corriveau, his daughter, and widow of the late Dodier, is guilty of knowing the said

\* Major John Nairn and Capt. Fraser of this corps were the ancestors of the late John Nairn, Esq., seigneur of Murray Bay, and of the late Hon. Malcolm Fraser, also seigneur of another portion of Murray Bay. They stood in high favor with General James Murray, who presented each with a seigneurie.

murder, and doth therefore adjudge her to receive sixty lashes, with a cat-o'-nine tails on her bare back, at three different places, viz.: under the gallows, upon the market-place at Quebec, and in the parish of St. Val-lier, twenty lashes at each place, and to be branded in the left hand with the letter M.

"The court doth also adjudge Isabelle Sylvain to receive sixty lashes with a cat-o'-nine tails on her bare back, in the same manner and at the same time and place as Marie Josephte Corriveau, and to be branded in the left hand with the letter P.

"The Court-martial, whereof Lieutenant-Colonel was president, is dissolved."

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"The general court-martial having tried Marie Josephte Corriveau, for the murder of her husband, Dodier, the court finding her guilty, the Governor (Murray) doth ratify and confirm the following sentence:— That Marie Josephte Corriveau do suffer death for the same, and her body be hung in chains wherever the governor shall think fit.

(Signed,)

"THOMAS MILLS,  
"Town Major."

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Until the discovery of the proceedings of the court-martial which tried the Corriveaus, popular superstition, ever prone to distort and magnify distant and mysterious events, had awarded to Marie Josephte Corriveau's crimes a punishment of which a parallel exists in that inflicted by Louis XI. on a cardinal and bishop named Baluc, who having been detected in a treasonable intrigue, was confined for many years in an iron cage, which, till lately, was shown in the castle of Loches, France.—(See Hallam's *Middle Ages*, page 516—the note.)—and fully as horrible as the Massachusetts law courts had inflicted on Margaret Jones,\* and on Mrs. Ann Hibbens, the lady of a respectable Boston citizen who were both put to death as witches, the first in 1645, the second in 1656.

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\* Hutchinson's *History of Massachusetts Bay*.



It is bad enough to have to admit that the red hand of slavery\* has branded the early times of Canada with its plague spot, without having to acknowledge that the tribunals of the country inflicted on a miserable woman, however guilty, a punishment which would place her judges mostly on a level with Iroquois savages. And it was generally thought until recently that Marie Josephte Corriveau, instead of being hanged, as it appears she was, on the "*buttes à Nepveu*" near Abraham's hill, had been starved to death in an iron cage, fastened to a gibbet erected close by the Temperance Monument at St. Joseph, Point Levy, where four roads intersect one another; that in this iron cage the victim was thrust, and that from the narrowness of this receptacle, she had to stand erect in it; that this instrument of torture hung by chains to the gallows; that the groans of the famishing prisoner were heart-rending, but that each successive day, they became less audible, until nothing was heard but the creaking of the chains to the night wind. There is enough of the horrible about her fate, without admitting, contrary to the text of the sentence rendered by the court-martial, that this fiendish woman was placed in an iron cage to starve to death; and still, if her execution and the hanging up after death of the body were merely intended to strike terror, why place it inside an iron cage, *well rivitted together*? † Certain it appears that the iron cage hung for several months high in the air close to the spot where the Temperance Monument now stands. Whether it once contained a living being, or merely a lifeless corpse, none perhaps will ever ascertain. The awful noises caused by the creaking of the cage gave rise amongst the uneducated peasantry to innumerable tales and ghost stories; at last, the terror became so universal that some intrepid young men, after consulting, doubtless, with the *curé* of the parish, as to where the loathsome object should be stowed away, determined to rid the place of the nuisance. One dark winter night, the posts were cut down, and next morning no vestige of *La Corriveau* could be seen; nor any vestige of her was seen until eighty-seven years after, when the grave-digger of the parish, in making a grave, struck on the rusty cage containing a thigh bone only, and

\* The Quebec Gazette of 1764 contains an advertisement offering, on behalf of Mrs. Perault, an old resident, a slave for sale. There are also extant several royal declarations regulating the condition of slaves in the colony, bearing date respectively the years 1721, 1742 and 1745.—(See Sir H. LaFontaine's notes.)

† It was the custom for a long time in England to allow great criminals to hang in chains, *after death*, in public roads and public places.



which, after puzzling the brains of all the antiquarians of Quebec, was at last identified. The presence of the corpse of a "gallows bird" in consecrated ground was explained by the fact that in 1830, after the burning of the church, the cemetery had been enlarged by taking in an extensive piece of adjoining land. It is this popular tradition which our old friend, M. DeGaspé, has introduced with happy effect in his late work "Les Anciens Canadiens."

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## An Episode of the War of the Conquest.

### CHAPTER XII.

"We burned and destroyed upwards of fourteen hundred fine farm houses."—*Journal quoted by Smith.*

"A priest with about four score of his parishioners have fortified themselves in a house, a few miles to the eastward of our camp, on the north side of the river, where they indiscreetly pretend to brave our troops....The priest who fortified himself on the north side of the river, sent a written invitation to an officer who commanded in a house in his neighborhood 'to honor him with his company to dinner, with an assurance that he, and any officer of his detachment who would be kind enough to accompany him, should return with the greatest safety;' he added, 'that as the English officer fought for his king and for glory, he hoped he himself would be excused for fighting for his poor parishioners and defending his country.'"

"The unfortunate priest is defeated; a detachment of light troops laid an ambuscade in the skirts of the wood near his fortified house, and as soon as the field-piece was brought up and began to play, he with his men sallied out, when, falling into the ambush, thirty of them with their leader were surrounded, *killed and scalped*: the reason of their being treated with such cruelty, proceeded from the wretched parishioners having disguised themselves like Indians. In this rencontre we had five men wounded."

"The parish of Richet, with the stately house lately occupied by the indiscreet priest, called Château Richer, are now in flames."—*Knox's Journal, Vol. II.*

THE heading of this paper indicate sufficiently that war, horrid war, will be my theme. Close on two thousand years ago, a literary Roman branded the *ultima ratio regum* with the appropriate epithet "*Bella, horrida, bella.*" The monster which heaven in its stern justice lets occasionally loose to chastise the earth, has not abated one jot of its ancient ferocity. Thirty-two millions of members of the human family, between whose country and ours an imaginary boundary exists, are within hail of our doors to attest that truth. See the charred walls of their once happy homes on devastated plantations—see the blanched bones of fathers, sons, brothers, and lovers, uncoffined and unshrouded promiscuously strewing the green sward in the Sunny South; whose balmy zephyrs, full of the wail of anguish and death, laden with the miasma of putrifying corpses, are wafted towards our fertile fields: this, is war.

Did the grim phantom never stalk through our own land? How deep have we to dig before getting to the mouldering bones of those whom he formerly smote in our midst? Barely three generations: this, takes us down to the conquest.

Canada, like England, was conquered ; in one case an Anglo-Saxon kingdom was overrun by Norman invaders : in the other a Norman colony was wrested by the descendants of Anglo-Saxons from its French masters—both invasions left behind them a “Memory of sorrow.” In both countries the conquest was a boon, the means of extending public liberty. In the first, the Saxon and Norman blended and formed a composite nationality, stranger that each of its separate elements would have constituted it : in the other, like causes may produce like results. I said that we too, Canadians, had our “Memory of sorrow.” Let us hear a conscientious historian and an elegant writer :—“Are you,” asks the learned Abbé Ferland, “desirous of studying antiquities, traditions and old Canadian customs ? Go then and examine the ruins of Château Richer and the remains of the house of the Sieur Carré\* : you will notice in the Church of Ste. Anne, the offerings of the Marquis of Tracy, of the Chevallier d’Iberville† ex votos suspended to the walls shortly after the

\* Carré was that fighting *habitant*, who, at the head of a company of young Canadians, rushed up to Quebec, in 1690, to repel invasion. After the departure of Phips, the French commander was so pleased with Carré’s bravery, that he made him a present of two small cannons used in the siege.

† We find an interesting editorial notice of a visit to the Ste. Anne’s Church, in the *Quebec Mercury*, of 23rd July, 1863 :—

“Steaming down the channel north of Orleans, the first object of interest that strikes the eye of the tourist after the beautiful and varied scenery of the parishes of L’Ange-Gardien and Château-Richer, presenting every diversity of hill and dale, wild, rocky promontory, and advancing and receding mountain and forest views, is the pretty little church of Ste. Anne, nestling under the brow of a steep hill, with its tall spire glistening in the rays of the morning sun. Standing on a gentle undulation sweeping up from the river, the church of Ste. Anne, or *La Bonne Ste. Anne*, as it is more frequently called, forms one of the most attractive features in the landscape. Hither annually repair the blind, the lame, the halt, the rheumatic, and those afflicted with every species of bodily ailment, who come to invoke the interposition of the saint to make them whole. Crowds of persons thus afflicted, with their friends or relatives, are then to be seen on the roads with the above object, to pray, or return thanks. That cures, either partial or whole, have been effected by these annual devout pilgrimages, there can be little doubt, as several have been attested by eye witnesses. A number of crutches left behind by persons cured, were formerly hung up in the church, but within late years they have been removed to the sacristy. On entering, the eye is struck with the neatness of the interior and the beauty of the decorations.

“The walls are adorned with strange paintings, of a primitive nature, with singular explanations which we could with difficulty understand.

“One is a wreck scene, with Ste. Anne represented as descending from heaven to the aid of a fleet during a storm, with the following curious inscription, which we copied *verbatim et litteratim* :—

EX. VOTO. LE. NAVJRE. LE. ST. FRANCOIS. DE. CANADA. DEMATTE. DETROVS.  
LES. MATS. LE. 29BRE. 1732: COMMANDE. PAR. PIERRE. D’ASTARGIR. ARME.  
PAR. M. LAMDRILLE. LE. JEVNE.

“Another painting on the wall immediately opposite represents the landing of emigrants sometime before the year 1717 ; another not far distant a squadron of three war vessels, bearing a tri-colored flag of red, white and green. Out of this last one, we could extract no meaning, further than supposing it represented some notable instance of the saint’s providential intervention.

middle of the 17th century; you will meet with families there who still own the lands conceded to their ancestors about the year 1640; in the *habitant* of the *Côte de Beaupré*, you will recognise the Norman peasant of the reign of Louis XIV., with his chronicles, his songs, his superstitions, his customs.

"But since I now have you on this soil of this *Côte de Beaupré*, I shall lay before you an episode of the war of 1759, of which the locality we now occupy was the theatre. This narrative will serve to disprove the English chronicler (Knox)—whose name heads this communication. A priest massacred by the English,—a convent of nuns burned by them, this is the only true portion of the English writer's record.

"Twenty years ago, at the foot of the cape on which the Château Richer Church is built, the blackened and crumbling walls of this convent could yet be seen: there they stood, a silent but eloquent monument of the horrors of a war in which buildings sacred to religion and to science, were ruthlessly destroyed by the hands of a civilised nation. Rebuilt through the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Baillargeon, when he had the spiritual charge of the Château Richer parish, this edifice was in part restored to its original destination: it is now the parish school.

"'T was on the evening of the 23rd June, 1759, a number of women and some old men were standing in groups in front of the church of Château Richer; close by a bonfire, in honor of the patron saint of Canada, St. Jean Baptiste, was slowly flickering out. Gaiety was the order of the day; several children, with live coals in their hands which they agitated high in the air, were trying to imitate an Indian

"The environs are also very pleasing; the neat white houses or cottages, ever and anon peering out from a dense covert of evergreens, maple or birch. Many places of no little interest to tourists and others also abound in the neighborhood, such as the Falls of Ste. Anne, the St. Fereol Fall, and the Seven Falls. From the top of the hill overhanging the village, the view is extensive, taking in the whole northern shore of the island, with Grosse Isle looming up in the distance.

"Yesterday morning being set apart by the Church for the annual celebration of the Festival, over three hundred passengers, bound to the shrine, left by the 'Voyageur.' A large lumber also went down overland, and arrived a considerable time before the steamer hove in sight. About half-past nine o'clock, all having disembarked, a solemn high mass was sung, and a relic of Ste. Anne, encased in a crystal globe, was exposed to the gaze of the devout during the ceremony. The interior of the church was densely crowded, and many were forced to remain outside during the service. The scene was very solemn and impressive, and the devotion of many of those who had congregated from all quarters, in the hope of being relieved of their bodily ills, was edifying in the extreme. The ceremony concluded towards noon, and the time between that and the hour fixed for the departure of the boat was employed by some in devotion, and by others in visiting the spots of interest in the vicinity."

war dance, such as they had seen performed by a band of Ottawas which had visited the place a few days previously, at the invitation of the governor of Canada, the great Onontio, as they called him. It was evident the elder folks entered little in the innocent fun and frolic which occupied the mind of the juveniles ; surrounding the curé of the parish, the Rev. J. F. Duburon, who at this moment was standing on the point of the cape on which the parochial church is erected, some old people appeared in earnest conversation ; the respected pastor had rested his telescope on the twig of one of the stunted cedar trees which grow in the crevices of the cape, and was scanning the horizon in the direction of the Traverse, just then lighted up by the last rays of the setting sun, whilst his parishoners were surveying the majestic expanse of water before them, the green beaches dotted over with kine, and the uplands clothed in verdure, showing fair promise of a luxuriant harvest. ' Watch well, my friends, along the north shore capes, if you do not see small white objects ! They seem to be like sails. Oh, if it only were the relief for the colony, from France ? what a rich joke we would play upon the English ! Look now at the effect of the sun on the white sails ! ' At that moment a vessel, crossing from Cape Tourmente in the direction of the channel, which was then used between Pointe d'Argentenay and Madame Island, could be distinctly made out. ' Count them ! ' hurriedly exclaimed the reverend gentleman ; ' one—two—three ! '

" But the sun has gone down ; the shade of the lofty capes reaches as low as the *traverse*, shutting out all objets from view.

" ' My poor country ! ' exclaims the priest, closing the spy-glass ; ' my poor country ; what is to become of you, if these are English ships ? What with Sir William Johnson, and the New England militia towards Lake Champlain, you stand a poor chance, now that an enemy shows himself in the very heart of Canada. '

" ' Cheer up ! reverend sir, ' retorted the village notary ; ' we have at Quebec, Montcalm and a fine army to defend us ; and have we not also there one of our own people, a Canadian, the Marquis of Vaudreuil ? '

" ' My dear notary, let us place our hope in God ; we have but little help to expect from men, ' gloomily rejoined the minister of religion.

" ' What ? ' said the warlike N. P. ; ' do you forget how often French soldiers and Canadian militia have repulsed the New Englanders ? '

"I do not, I assure you, good friend; but, then we were united, and had no traitors amongst us;—to-day, dissensions and jealousy exists between the French regulars and the Canadian militia. We can trust our leaders; but, my dear notary, rest assured that those who have plundered our treasury will find means to effectually conceal their rascality. If there is not treachery, there will certainly be lukewarmness displayed, in the defence of the country. I warn you of the fact."

"At that moment the arrival of a messenger from Quebec interrupted the conversation.

"Here is a letter for you, reverend sir. I am also the bearer of two other letters for the priests of the neighboring parishes."

"Thank you, my friend," replied M. Duburon—adding, "Have you seen your brother since he has joined the regiment in Quebec?"

"Oh yes, sir, and I can tell you that he is not afraid to meet an Englishman, even should he resemble Old Nick himself. The boys are in good spirits there, and they say that if they meet any more of the kilties, such as they met at Carillon, they will lead them a dance. My brother, pointing towards the earthworks near the Falls of Montmorency, said: Look there; if the English presume to attack us, with these works to protect us, we will give them the d—l to eat."

"The *curé* having glanced over the letter, read out aloud the contents, thus:

"SIR,—The English fleet is coming up the St. Lawrence. Agreeable to the plan decided on by the governor general, you and your parishioners will take to the woods, with whatever you can carry away of the church property. You will use your influence over your people to make them remain in their hiding-places so long as the English are in the vicinity of Quebec. May the Almighty soon deliver us from such unpleasant neighbors, &c.

"† H. M., Bishop of Quebec."

"Just as I thought," added M. Duburon; "it is the English fleet we have just seen lower down than the Traverse. With a fair wind, to-morrow they will be in front of the city. To-morrow, we shall start for the woods; you," addressing the village notary, "please notify the inhabitants of this fact, whilst I dispatch these letters to the priests of Ste. Anne and St. Joachim."

"The Reverend Mr. Duburon, my readers will remark, does not seem to be of such a warlike disposition as the historian Knox makes him out. Neither does the notary, Monsieur Crespin, appear to have been a more fighting character than his pastor. He held from his seigneur a kind of judicial office, and lived in state at the seigniorial manor, which was called the château.

"Monsieur Crespin was a man of peace: his motto was, *Cedat armis toga*: and having made a bundle of his 'minutes,' he placed his *greffe* under his arm, and, followed by Madame Crespin and Monsieur Crespin, junior, his son and lawful heir, he sorrowfully directed his steps towards the forest.

"During a short period, a great uproar existed in all the parishes of the *Côte de Beaupré*. Each parish had a place of concealment for its inhabitants at the foot of the mountain. It was a general stampede from the Falls of Montmorency as low down as Cape Tourmente. The valuables too heavy for removal to the woods, were deposited on the skirts of the woods; the farm cattle were driven back to out-of-the-way grazing-grounds; women, children, and old men, after bidding a sorrowful adieu to the homes of their youth, hurried to the interior with what they valued most. Some old men who were removed in their beds, were taken back in the fall in their coffins.

"Several births took place in the woods, and baptism administered. A few years back a venerable old man died at Ste. Anne, who was born on the banks of *Rivière aux Chiens*, under the shade of a walnut tree (*un noyer*), which he used to call his godfather; in commemoration of the fact, the word 'Noyer' was added to his family name, and his descendants bear it to this day.

"Two months had run over, Wolfe's army was kept in check by Montcalm, and could not advance on Quebec. Rendered impatient by this vigorous defence, which threatened to render abortive their expensive expedition, the English vented their spleen in the rural district by pillaging and burning the houses. It was easy to follow the march of the invaders in the lower parts of the district\* of Quebec, by the blaze of the conflagrations they had lit up. Generally, the lives of prisoners were spared—they were even allowed to choose

\* The dwellings at Rivière Ouelle, Ste. Anne, St. Roch, and St. Jean Port Joly, were burnt and pillaged,—even to the banal mill of Three Salmons, the only means for the inhabitants of grinding their corn for a distance of thirty miles, was consigned to the flames.

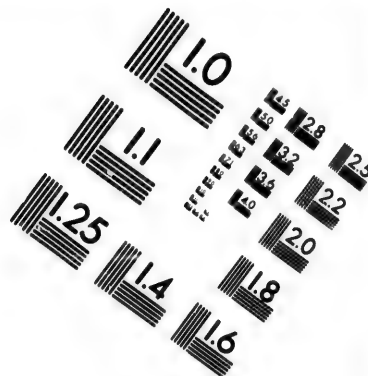


between the alternative to perish of cold or of hunger during the coming winter. Until then, the *Côte de Beaupré* had escaped the common fate; the scouts sent from the mountain were gratified to find their houses still uninjured. At last their turn came. The companies of the Louisbourg Grenadiers, under Captain Montgomery, were instructed to take possession of all the cattle, and to burn all the houses from Cape Tourmente until Ange Gardien.

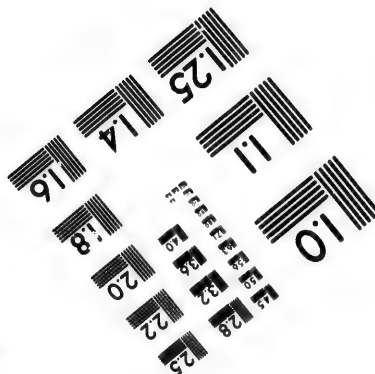
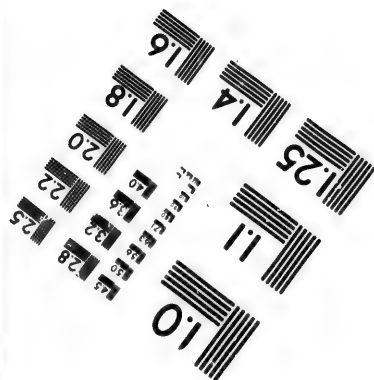
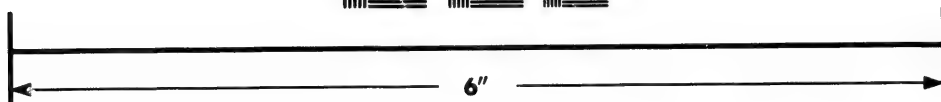
"These troops followed the shore until they had got opposite the *Grande Ferme* at St. Joachim, where they landed and began their awful work. The Quebec Seminary owned at this spot a magnificent farm: close to it was the *presbytère* and church of St. Joachim. Philippe René de Portneuf, the priest of the parish of St. Joachim, was a member of the ancient family of Bécancour. Several of his ancestors, and three of his brothers, had served with distinction in the army; and he himself was not the man to fly from his parish at the sight of the English. Some forty of his parishioners, all handy with the gun, seeing the Scotch soldiers busy burning the church and *presbytère* of St. Joachim, and being led to believe that their own homes would soon share the same fate, determined to defend their property. Well armed, they ensconced themselves on the declivity of a thickly-wooded hill, which commanded the road the enemy had to follow. The brave *curé* considered it his duty, to stand by them in this emergency; he therefore remained to encourage them by his counsel, and administer spiritual rites. The Canadians fought well, but a superior force threatening to surround them, they retired, leaving behind seven or eight of their comrades killed or wounded. The Highlanders had dearly bought their advantage, having lost several men by the bullets of the Canadian *chasseurs*. Many years after, Mr. Fraser, who had been present at this engagement, asked an old man named Gagnon, if he had not grieved for the death of a brother of his who had then fallen? 'No;' was his stern reply, 'for I avenged his death on the spot: I fired eight shots, and each time took down one of your men.' Though seriously wounded, Mr. de Portneuf followed his parishioners in their flight. But, weakened by loss of blood, he fell on a stone, which is yet pointed out, near the mill: the enemy soon came up, and hacked him to pieces with their sabres. This melancholy event took place on the 23rd of August. A few days after, the priest of the next parish, the Reverend Mr. Parent, his friend, gave Christian burial to Mr. de Portneuf's remain, and to







A resolution test chart featuring various patterns of vertical and horizontal lines. The patterns are arranged in a grid-like fashion. Each pattern is accompanied by a numerical value indicating its resolution. The values include 1.0, 1.1, 1.25, 1.4, 1.6, 1.8, 2.0, 2.2, 2.5, 2.8, 3.2, 3.6, 4.0, 4.5, and 5.0. The patterns consist of groups of lines that become progressively smaller and more closely spaced as the numerical value increases.



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those of seven of his flock. His body lies inside of the church, but outside of the railings and close to the seigniorial pew.

"The work of destruction having been completed at St. Joachim, the English detachment, with a similar errand on hand, marched upwards, towards the Montmorency, on whose banks the bulk of the forces were camped. After crossing the river Ste. Anne, the scouts noticed a group of men at the spot where the cross road begins, which leads through the woods to the back concession of St. Féréol. Some soldiers were sent in this direction, but fearing an ambush, they returned without striking a blow. It was merely a small band of *chasseurs* of Saint Féréol armed with fowling pieces, but impelled merely by curiosity to see what those English looked like whom they were told were the enemies of God and of France. The sight of his satanic majesty would not have been a greater curiosity for these simple-minded peasants than that of Englishman was in their exalted imaginations in those stormy days. During the few days of march of the Scotch companies, the *habitants* of Ste. Anne and Château Richer could, from their lofty hiding places, witness the conflagration which consumed their houses and farm buildings. At Ste. Anne's, the church and four houses only escaped the torch, and even then, if we credit a local tradition, the church, which was fired three times, only escaped through the especial protection of Sainte Anne! In the whole extent of Château Richer, a bakery alone was spared.

"When the British arrived at the village of this parish, they took their lodgings partly in the convent and partly in the houses situate near to the church, and busied themselves in carrying away the cattle and in destroying the harvests which were not yet cut.

"In the meantime, the Château Richer people became tired of living in the woods; the nights got cool; they were threatened with starvation, and many wished to find out how matters stood, on the shores of the St. Lawrence. At the request of the Rev. Mr. Duburon, two lads, Gravel and Drouin, undertook to go and explore for the rest. When they got on the heights behind the church of the parish, they saw large crowds of men ascending the Ange Gardien Hill. Red coats and glistening steel soon marked them as British troops. 'They are on the move, they are off for Quebec,' exclaimed Drouin, after a few moments of observation; 'a good riddance! Let us go back and tell our people.' 'Of course,' replied the other; 'but suppose we take a run to the convent and see what is going on there.' In a trice they got

there: Drouin's hand has just seized the handle of the door, when it was violently thrown open, and twenty Highlanders point their guns towards them at the word 'Surrender.' As if struck by an electric shock, the young men bound off towards the hills, and a discharge of musketry follows: a bullet grazes Drouin's hair and skin, whilst the Highlanders seem particularly anxious to catch Gravel, a very tall youth. But fear adds wings, and soon they leave their pursuers in the rear; the noise of shot fired after them in the leaves gets fainter and fainter, and after a laborious race of three miles, they arrive quite exhausted and speechless amongst their comrades.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Quebec had surrendered. About the end of September the *curé* of Château Richer had arrived from the mountain, leading his flock, and set to work to erect huts on the spot where their homes had previously stood. The young folks felt delighted at again seeing the banks of the St. Lawrence; the old men shed tears at having lived to see the day when the English were masters of the country; the fathers of families pondered sorrowfully over the waste and destruction which had befallen their lands. Monsieur Crespin, N.P., was cogitating on the legal difficulties which would surround him if he had to administer justice in the English language; it was doubly trying to a man of his years, after the trouble he had taken to master the French tongue. Behind the crowd, on stretchers, were conveyed the two youths, Drouin and Gravel; they had not yet rallied from the effects of their race.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sixteen years had passed over. Brought to the lowest ebb, by the pillage\* and destruction perpetrated by the British soldiery, the inhabi-

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\* The canny Scots who played such a conspicuous part in the War of the Conquest, if they did suffer in their numbers, rather increased their "material guaranties."

"The following interesting anecdote is told of Fraser's Highlanders. It is related from the words of the venerable Mr. Thompson, who was present at the battle of Montmorenci:

"General Murray, being in want of funds to carry on his government during the winter, summoned all the officers and enquired if they had any money, and if their soldiers had any money that they could lend to the Governor until the supplies arrived from England in the spring. We were told of the wants of the governor, and the next day we were paraded, every man, and told that we should receive our money back, with interest, as soon as possible; and in order to prevent any mistake, every man received his receipt for his amount, and for fear he should lose it, the Adjutant went along the ranks, and entered in a book the name and sum opposite to every man; and *by the Lord Harry!* when they came to count it up, they found that our regiment alone, Fraser's Highlanders, had mustered *six thousand guineas!* It was not long after we had lent our money, that one morning a frigate was seen coming round Pointe Lévi with supplies. We were soon afterwards mustered, and every man received back his money, with *twelve months* interest, besides the thanks of the general."—*Hawkin's Picture of Quebec.*

tants saw a brighter future in store for them ; some had even retrieved their losses. Amongst the latter might be counted Gravel, who was now a *pater familias*, and whose loyalty had been rewarded by a lieutenancy in the militia. One day, an English officer of rank called at his house. He was the bearer of an order to the militia officers to furnish him with relays of horses to travel. As he spoke French fluently, the lieutenant thought he would drive him himself. 'What ruins are those?' enquired the Englishman when he passed close to the convent. 'Why, one could see them from St. Joachim, and even from Quebec.'

" 'It was formerly a convent, sir ; it was destroyed in '59 when the country was ceded. I have reason to know something about it. I can tell you I felt tolerably nervous on that day.' He then related his and Drouin's mission, their utter surprise, and how they were chased, also the serious illness which it caused them.

" 'Well, my friend,' said the English officer, 'I see you and I are old acquaintances. We have met before. I was the lieutenant in charge of the company stationed in that convent, to prevent any attack on our rear. I saw you come down the hill, and it occurred to me we might get important information if we could catch one or the other of you two. Before I could utter a word of French to you, you were off. We fired, in hopes of frightening you and making you surrender. If you gave us no information, we had a hearty laugh at your expense. I have just arrived from England, and I felt curious to revisit this portion of the country, which I once visited in a very different way. I am glad to meet in you an acquaintance, at a time when I have to meet in the field an older acquaintance still, in the person of my old friend General Montgomery.' " \*

\* Montgomery, whose loyalty to the King had been so conspicuous in burning the dwellings of the French Canadians at St. Jean Port Joly and elsewhere, in 1759, fell at the head of American soldiers, at Pres de Ville, in the Lower Town of Quebec, 31st Dec., 1775.

A literary friend, to whom I was reading this chapter, and to whom I put the rather embarrassing question, "What nationality will finally prevail in Canada?" answered, "It is hard to determine now what changes lie unrevealed in the womb of time. Judging from the march of events since the conquest, seeing the enormous and unparalleled strides taken by the French Canadians, who, without any emigration from France, and in spite of all obstacles, have attained 800,000 from 80,000 they then were, some of whom as merchants, &c., have realized fortunes of £350,000, like Hon. Mr. Masson, and others, farmers, some £300,000 ; who have founded most flourishing banks, such as the *Banque du Peuple*, the Jacques Cartier Bank, at Montreal, the *Banque Nationale*, at Quebec. Commercial companies, realizing *safely* their 40 per cent., like the Richelieu line of steamers, purchasing Saxon homesteads in Quebec and out of Quebec ; in fact almost, to use Mr. Rameau's expression, elbowing the sturdy English race out of Lower Canada. I should," he observed, "fancy that these people, united as they are, can always hold their own, provided they are loyal to England ; on the other hand, we know what British

## De Breboeuf and Lalemant.

THE SHORES OF LAKE SIMCOE.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"It may be in an earlier day  
Some Indian strife disturb'd the scene,  
And man's red blood, of man the prey,  
Mix'd with thine azure waves serene.  
It may be that with maddening yells  
These wood-clad shores and isles have rung,  
And chiefs, whose name no legend tells,  
Dead in thy rocky depths were flung.

—Bishop Mountain's "Songs of the Wilderness."

THE Indian missions,\* which formerly existed in the neighborhood of Lake Simcoe, will be ever memorable, as furnishing to the historian the materials for one of the most glorious pages of the early history of the colony: indeed, it may be safely asserted, that nowhere on this continent has human heroism shone with brighter lustre. The reader is doubtless aware that many of our early missionaries have sealed their faith with their blood. Foremost in this devoted band stand out two men, distinguished alike by birth and by the extraordinary amount of physical suffering which preceded their death.

Let us place before the reader a truthful sketch of these two Christian heroes, whose fate, as Canadians, as Christians, and as men, is equally creditable to Canada, to Christianity and to manhood. Let us watch them leaving behind the gaieties of Parisian life, the attributes of birth, the advantages of science and mental culture, in order to dive through the pathless forest in quest of the red man of the woods,—the bearers of a

energy, English capital, and perseverance can do. The English are a conquering, absorbing, powerful race. If, however, they want to hold their place on the continent of America, they will have to join their strength and destinies to the other chief element of the population—to British America, which is a little more extensive in area than the American Union, are reserved a bright future, if strongly knit together." I thought there was a good deal of truth in all this.

\* According to recent researches, the St. Ignace mission would have been in the township of Medonte; the St. Louis Mission in the township of Tay. Until recently, there existed ruins of the St. Mary mission, on the banks of the River Wye. The present village of Coldwater must be in the vicinity of these ancient Huron missions. All these localities, according to Mr. Devine's map of 1859, must be included in the county of Simcoe.

joyous message,—with privation and suffering as a certainty before them, and generally a horrible death as the crowning reward : perchance the spectacle of self-sacrifice may still awaken an echo, even in an age in which selfishness and mammon seem to rule supreme.

Gabriel Lalemant was born in Paris ; some of the members of his family had attained eminence at the French bar ; he himself, had discharged for several years the duties of a professor of languages . of a delicate frame, he had attained his thirty-ninth year when he landed in Canada.

His colleague, Jean de Brebœuf, on the other hand was a person of most commanding mien, endowed with colossal strength and untiring endurance. Like the brave Dr. Kane in our own day, he was not long before discovering that no truer way existed to secure the respect of the savage hordes he had to deal with, than by impressing them with an idea of physical superiority. With this object in view, he would not hesitate when a *portage* occurred, to carry, unassisted, the travelling canoe heavily laden, accomplishing also, with ease, a variety of other feats indicative of extraordinary muscular strength : the Hurons would look with awe on the black robed giant. Himself a man of education and literary taste, he was the uncle of the poet De Brebœuf, who versified in French Lucian's poem of Pharsalia : it has also been stated that from his family sprung the English house of Arundel.

In 1648, these two men undertook the spiritual charge of the five missions or residencies in the Huron country, on Matchedache Bay, near Lake Simcoe : these five settlements were but a few miles apart from each other ; a deadly hatred at that time existed between the Hurons and Iroquois. In the fall of 1648, a thousand Iroquois warriors, well provided with fire-arms, procured chiefly at the Dutch settlements, resolved to exterminate entirely the Hurons : they accordingly spent the winter hunting in the woods, stealthily drawing nearer and nearer to their foes ; they thus advanced, unperceived, some three hundred miles. On the 16th March, 1649, they had arrived in the neighborhood of the St. Ignace settlement, which they reconnoitred during the night time. A deep ravine protected three sides of the residency, the fourth side being surrounded with a palisade fifteen or sixteen feet high. At one point alone the place was accessible, and there at the break of day the attack commenced. Operations had proceeded so noiselessly, that the



place was in possession of the enemy before the garrison had time properly to provide for its defence: this was owing to the few warriors left in charge, the bulk having gone out on a distant hunt and war expedition. The assailants lost but ten men: mostly all the inmates were scalped, these were the best off—horrible tortures awaited those whose lives were spared. The attack having taken place at night, the only survivors who escaped were three Hurons, who made their way over the snow to the next residency in a state bordering on complete nudity. The tidings they brought created the utmost consternation: close on their heels the blood thirsty Iroquois followed, hurrying on before the enemy could prepare: they arrived at the next settlement—the St. Louis residency—about sunrise: the women and children had barely the time to quit, ere they surrounded it. Eighty stout Hurons rushed to the palisades to conquer or die. They actually succeeded in repelling two attacks and in killing thirty Iroquois, but overpowering numbers prevailed. With axes the besiegers cut down the stakes or palisades, rushed through the breach, when an indiscriminate slaughter took place inside. Fire was then set to the fort, and the smoke and flames soon warned the inhabitants of the third settlement,—the St. Mary's residency,—distant but three miles, that the Iroquois were butchering their comrades. Some few had fled from the St. Louis fort, in which Lalemant and De Brebœuf were located: they were not the men to fly from death. De Brebœuf's herculean form might be seen close to the breach, admonishing the fallen warriors how to die, and encouraging them in their last moments. Both were seized and marched prisoners to the St. Ignace settlement. Scouts were immediately sent out to ascertain whether the St. Mary's settlement could stand an assault, and on their report a war council decided on attacking it the next day; amongst the inmates of this fort were some Europeans, who were determined to sell dearly their lives. The Iroquois, then numbering about two hundred, had to retreat for shelter into what remained of the St. Louis settlement. Several engagements followed, and finally the Iroquois remained in possession of the field of battle, having lost about one hundred of their bravest men.

The Indians, who had got possession of Fort St. Ignace, hurried to prepare the two missionaries to undergo the usual tortures reserved to prisoners. De Brebœuf had previously stated, on his arrival in the

colony, that he expected to be soon put to death, nor was he long kept in suspense before seeing his prophecy verified.

A large fire was lit, and an iron caldron placed over it; the prisoners were then stripped and tied to a post erected near each fire; they were first beaten with sticks; then a necklace was made of the war-axes heated in the fire, and this was tied round their neck; bark sashes were also tied round them, on which rosin and pitch was smeared, and then set on fire. In derision of the holy rites of Christian baptism, the savages then poured boiling water on their heads. Amidst these horrible sufferings, Lalemant would raise his eyes towards heaven, asking strength and courage to endure them. De Brebœuf seemed like a rock, perfectly insensible to pain; occasionally he moved his lips in prayer;—this so incensed his executioners that they cut off his lips and nose, and thrust a red hot iron down his throat. Firm and resigned, the Christian giant, of a whole head taller than his torturers, would look down on them; even in his agony, he seemed to command his executioners. The implacable savages then untied Lalemant, much younger and more delicate than De Brebœuf; he threw himself or fell immediately at the feet of his intrepid colleague and prayed earnestly to the Almighty for help. He was then brought back and tied to his post—covered over with birch bark, and soon became a mass of living flames: the smell of blood awakening the ferocity of these cannibals, they, without waiting till his flesh was baked, cut out with their hunting knives large slices out of the fleshy part of his arms and legs, and then amidst horrible yells, devoured greedily the reeking repast; they then substituted burning coals for pupils in his eye sockets. De Brebœuf's sufferings lasted three hours; his heart was extracted after death and eaten. Lalemant was less fortunate; life was not extinct till next day; a savage more human than the rest put an end to his existence by cleaving open his skull with his tomahawk; at the departure of the Iroquois, the mutilated and charred remains of the two missionaries were found, and Christian burial given to them on the 21st March, 1649.

De Brebœuf's skull was taken to Quebec: his family sent out from France a silver case, in which it was placed, and remained in the Jesuits' College (now the Jesuits' Barrack, Upper Town Market place), until the last of the order, Father Casot, who died in 1800, presented it a short time before his death to the Religious Ladies of the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, where it can be seen to this day. Amongst the numerous wit-

nesses of the Gospel put to death by the Indian tribes of Canada, none fell more heroically than De Brebœuf and Lalemant; the forests of new France had been selected at a very early period as a most appropriate field for apostolic labours, and when the Earl of Elgin, in one of his despatches to the home government called the early period of this colony, the "heroic times of Canada," he did nothing more than sum up in one happy expression a characteristic which recent researches are every day corroborating.\*

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\* The friends of archeological enquiry will doubtless hail with joy the work which Dr. C. Taché promises the public shortly, on the wonderful discoveries and relics he has met with in the course of his explorations and searches in the territory formerly occupied by the Huron Indians. This gentleman has presented to the museum of the Laval University a great number of skeletons and Indian curiosities. He has had the good fortune to discover the exact spots on which, two hundred and twenty-four years ago, stood the Huron missions, near Lake Simcoe, in which the Iroquois massacres, herein alluded to, took place; he has penetrated into the very mounds and tombs wherein rested the bones of the redskins, after receiving the family and the national burial. But we must not anticipate.

## Fin and Feather in Canada.\*

### CHAPTER XIV.

"The shootings in Breadalbane and Athole are leased at the following rents: Blair—Athole, £3485, Fortingall, £1,934; Legierait, £674; Moulin, £670; Little Dunkeld, £1,432; Dull, £984; Weem, £207; Kenmore, £300; Killin, £984; Balquhidder, £785. Maharajah Dholeep Singh has sublet the shootings of Auchlyne and Sine, for which he paid £750, and has taken the Moors of Grandtully, where he will shoot this season."—(Late English Papers.)

IN collecting together some facts relating to the finned and feathered game of Canada, we thought we could not do better than preface this short sketch with accurate *data* and figures, exhibiting what the killing of a few deer, hares, grouse and pheasants annually costs some of the sporting gentry of Britain; indeed, we know of a recent instance, in which three rich young sportsmen of the "land o' cakes" purchased for £600, the right to shoot on some of the moors of Scotland, and actually brought home *two braces of grouse, each*; expensive sport, was it not?

What hecatombs of deer, what pyramids of wild turkey, what hampers of snipe, quail, ducks and grouse, we would now ask, the renting of a Scotch shooting range, such, for instance, as Blair Athole, viz., £3,485, would procure to a score of Canadian Nimrods? Why, to use a metaphor, which some may consider as savouring of Federal war telegrams, a ship a trifle smaller than the *Great Eastern* would be freighted with the proceeds of such a gigantic *battue*!

When we read of Lord Dufferin's pic-nic to Iceland, in the yacht *Foam*, to witness, among other things, an eruption of Mount Hecla; when we hear of an enterprising young Englishman having recently sailed for Greenland to practice rifle-shooting on walrusses, we naturally wonder why more of the venturesome spirits amongst our transatlantic friends do not tear themselves away, even for a few months, from London fogs, to our distant and more favored climes. How is it that so few, comparatively speaking, come to enjoy the bracing air and bright summer

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\* From the London "Canadian News."

skies of Canada? With what zest the enterprising and eccentric amongst them could undertake a ramble with rod and gun in hand, over the Laurentian chain of mountains from Niagara to Labrador, choosing as rallying points, whereat to compare notes and discuss politics, old port and sandwiches, the summit of Cape Eternity, in the Saguenay district, the peak of Cape Tourment and the Cave of the Winds under the Niagara Falls, after ransacking for fish and game the fifteen hundred intervening leagues of coast! We imagine that the atmosphere of those airy positions is as brisk as that of Ben-Mac-Dui or Cairn-gorum, and that the divers incidents of travel and sport therein combined, ought effectually to dispel *ennui* and restore their spirits for, as the author of *Childe Harold* truly says:

" There is a pleasure in the pathless wood,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

If this were insufficient to rouse them, a smart trudge to the shores of the frozen ocean might be added; our distinguished travellers would shoot, on the route, ptarmigan, blue or sooty foxes, arctic hares, polar bears and the musk ox, after camping on the shores of the Copper Mine and the Great Slave Lake; the party on its return might now and again lunch at the Hudson Bay posts, in the absence of better fare, on pemmican, whale or walrus steaks—and who can say, whether combining with amusement, the cause of humanity, they might not be fortunate enough to elicit further tidings of the fate of Sir John Franklin's gallant band? This attractive programme, however, we merely display to tempt the most enterprising among the English sporting world; as for us *natives*, we find abundance of fish and game without venturing so far.

Volumes have been written to make known the inexhaustible mineral, agricultural, industrial and commercial wealth of this colony, but little efforts have yet been used to place on record the noble game, the inexhaustible treasures of wholesome food which a kind Providence has stored in the streams, in the rivers, in the forests of this magnificent country, for the benefit, for the daily use, of the million as well as of the millionaire. Few—some, through interested motives, have suppressed the fact—have published to the world, that Canada, *without the stringent*

*game laws of England*, without scarcely any expense, but with the mere consent of the people and the fostering care of the government, can be made what it was formerly—one of the most favored localities on the earth for game—yea, a veritable Canaan—a land of promise—abounding with the “milk and honey” of amusement for all those who rejoice in the manly and exhilarating pleasures of the chase.

It is true that for two centuries back the people have struggled hard to extirpate\* its fish and game, and that, had the advice of the sportsmen not been heard in time, every estuary in the province would have been depopulated; the forests, the sea shores, the whole country, instead of harboring quantities of luscious game, myriads of insect-devouring birds, would soon have become a kind of howling wilderness. Much harm has undoubtedly been done; but the curing of the evil is fortunately still within our reach.† Intending to notice elsewhere the glorious results which have crowned the protective policy of successive administrations towards‡ fish and game, we shall now confine ourselves merely to mentioning, succinctly, the chief hunting grounds in the province.

Old writers, one and all, have spoken with astonishment, nay, with rapture, of the abundance and varieties of the sea fowl and birds frequenting the shores of the St. Lawrence, and we all know how thousands of the aboriginal races for centuries subsisted exclusively on the produce of the chase, throughout the boundless forests of Canada.||

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\* One of the greatest enormities perpetrated by the Indian, is the extinction in eastern, and in the greater portion of western Canada, of the wapite or Canadian stag, the noblest of the species, which roamed through our mountains—as large as a horse, with round, sharp antlers five feet high. It is now abundant in the western prairies and the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, from the 56th or 57th parallel of north latitude to Texas. In the Hudson Bay territories, according to Sir John Richardson, its eastern limit is a line drawn from the south end of Lake Winnipeg to the Saskatchewan, in the 103rd degree of longitude, thence till it strikes the Elk river in the 111th degree.

† The increasing and successful efforts of the Quebec and Montreal Fish and Game Protection Clubs must necessarily be a source of pleasure to the many patriotic sportsmen interested in the cause of its preservation. Amongst many zealous members, one above others, in my opinion, deserves a passing word of encouragement, for his untiring efforts and energy—poachers, hucksters, pot-hunters, and every other species of obstructive, have in vain tried to put him down—I mean F. W. Austin, Esq., for several years Secretary to the Quebec Fish and Game Protection Club.

‡ With this object were written “*La Pêcheries du Canada*.”

|| To illustrate the enormous quantity of game in the north of Canada, and in the Hudson Bay territory, I cannot do better than subjoin the following extract from a valuable paper read before the Montreal Natural History Society, by Geo. Barnston, Esq., of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1861. A long residence in that territory, and a patient investigation of the game it contains, renders Mr. Barnston's statement particularly valuable.

The Jesuits, generally accurate in their statements, in describing, in 1662, the Bird Rocks, at the entrance of the gulf, say that a boat might be easily loaded with eggs of the sea fowl, who build on these desolate islands, and that so numerous are they, that human beings ascending these rocks are in danger of being prostrated to the ground by the flapping of the wings of these feathered denizens.

We subjoin two extracts from the *Relations des Jesuites*, in their own quaint French.\*

"It is very difficult," says he, "to form anything like an accurate idea of the various species of geese that have just been passed in review, viz: the Canada grey goose, the lesser grey goose, the Brant goose, the snow goose, and the white fronted goose. Of the quantity shot at particular points where they become an article of provisions, we may arrive at a wide but still a better estimate. Seventeen to twenty thousand geese are sometimes killed by the Albany Indians in the autumn or fall of the year, and ten thousand or more in the spring, making a total for these coast Creeks alone of at least.....	30,000
Not speaking so certainly of other natives, I would place the Moose Indians as killing at all seasons.....	10,000
Rupert's River natives.....	8,000
Eastmain and to the north, including Esquimaux.....	6,000
The Severn coast I cannot compute as yielding less than.....	10,000
The York Factory and Churchill Indians, with Esquimaux beyond, must dispose of.....	10,000

Making a total of geese killed on the coast, of..... 74,000

As many geese must die wounded, and others are got hold of by the foxes and wolverines, we may safely allow the total loss to the flocks while running the fiery gauntlet as equivalent to 80,000. I was at one time inclined to believe that two-thirds of this number was, or might be, the proportion for the autumn hunt, but it is probably nearer three-fourths, and we have thus 60,000 in round numbers brought down from the newly-fledged flocks, as they pass southward along the bay. I have lately been informed by an old and experienced hunter, that he believes that for every goose that is killed, above twenty must leave the bay without scath, as although there is sometimes destruction dire among some lots that approach the gun, and that feed in quarters frequented by hunters, yet innumerable families of them alight on remote and quiet feeding ground, remain there unmolested, and take wing when the cold sets in, with their numbers intact. I must allow the correctness of this remark, and the deduction to be drawn from it is, that 1,200,000 geese leave their breeding grounds by the Hudson's Bay line of march for the genial south. Of the numbers to the westward along the arctic coast, that wend their way to their winter quarters straight across the continent, we can form but a very vague opinion, but computing it at two-thirds or more of the quantity supposed to leave the eastern part of the arctic coast, we cannot have less than two millions of geese, composing the numerous battalions which pass over the continent between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains, borne aloft generally like the seed, and as swiftly hastened on, by the force of the boreal blast.

"I ought to observe that the Brant geese, *Bernicla Brenta*, are not included in the above estimate. They are pretty numerous on the Atlantic coast, but are quite neglected by the Indians in general of Hudson's Bay."

\* "A l'entrée de ce golfe (de St. Laurent) nous vîmes deux rochers, l'un rond, l'autre buarré. Vous diriez que Dieu les a plantés au milieu des eaux comme deux colombiers pour servir de lieux de retraite aux oiseaux qui s'y retirent en si grande quantité, qu'on marche dessus; et si l'on ne se tient bien ferme ils s'élèvent en si grande quantité qu'ils renversent les personnes; on en rapporte des chaloupes ou des petits bateaux tous pleins quand le temps permet qu'on les aborde: les Français les ont nommés les Iles aux Oiseaux." (Relation des Jésuites. Le Père Paul Le jeune.)

"L'Isle-aux-Coudres et l'Isle-aux-Oies méritent d'être nommées en passant. La première est souvent remplie d'élaus qui s'y recontrent; la second est peuplée en



Although egg-stealers\* (a bad set, by the by, whose operations Audubon properly stigmatises) have considerably thinned their numbers, Dr. Bryant, who, in 1860, made an ornithological survey of these islands for the Smithsonian Institution, found them still tenanted by large numbers of gannets, puffins, gillermots, auks and kittiwakes. In the fall of the year the shores of the St. Lawrence literally swarm with ducks, teal and other sea fowl. We have ourselves counted thousands busy gobbling up the shell-fish, barnacles and sea weed which cling to the shelving rocks round Plateau and Bonaventure islands, at Gaspé. We have watched the gannet, the herring-gull, the cormorant, hovering in clouds over Percé Rock, on whose verdant summit they build and find an asylum secure from their great destroyer, man, whilst their discordant voices are heard above the roar of the surf, miles away. We have seen their young shot for food by hundreds in the month of August.

It is not an uncommon thing in the fall of the year for the Gaspé fishermen to kill as many as twenty ducks in one shot, in the air holes among the ice, down which the hungry birds crowd to feed. Where is the Canadian sportsman who would not give the world for a week on the Mille Vaches shoals in September? Where is the fowler who has not heard of the sport which Jupiter river, on Anticosti, affords, over and above the chance of putting an occasional bullet through a bear attracted to the sea shore for his morning meal of kelp and seaweed, in the absence of green oats and young mutton, his favorite provender? It would be unfair, however, to lead sportsmen to believe that one has to go as far as Anticosti to get a crack at "Bruin," when there are instances on record of snipe shooters killing bears on the beaches close to Quebec. We will mention one recent occurrence. A sporting member of the Quebec bar,† whom the summer vacation had seduced away from the Pandects and Blackstone, to the swampy Chateau Richer flats, was bagging as usual, a few dozen birds before breakfast. On firing his first shot, he heard a rustling in some tall rushes, and out stepped leisurely a —snipe? no, a bear. Sympathy for a fellow sportsman ought to have saved Bruin's life. Not so; his presence on the swamp was construed

*son temps d'une multitude d'oies, de canards, d'outardes, dont l'île que est plate et chargée d'herbe comme une prairie en parait toute convertie. Les lieux circonvoisins retentissent incessamment des cris de ces oiseaux."*

\* As recently as four years back Capt. Fortin, of the coasting service, pounced on four Yankee schooners in the very act of robbing the Bird Rocks of their eggs.

† Richard Pentland, Esquire.

by the disciple of St. Hubert into a clear case of trespass. Nothing could be more *inconvenient*, one will admit, than for a bear to take possession of the feeding grounds of teal and snipe. *Qu'a l'ait-il faire dans cette galère ?* A heavy charge at close quarters, and Bruin's spirit was wafted to where all good bears go.

What clouds of sand-pipers, curlews and plover September brings forth from their breeding places, in the barren wilds of Labrador, the secluded lakes and islands of the north, up to the frozen ocean ! Look, friend, look at that dense vapor that hovers over that long sand bar, *La Batture aux Alouettes* on the North Shore of the Saint Lawrence.— From afar, you might take it for a squall of hail or rain ; but wait a minute until the sun's rays light up the picture. Now, see the snowy breast of myriads of chubby little northern strangers, the ring plovers ; look out for them as they settle, by thousands, on the sand ; now is your time. Enfilade their serried ranks, fire low ; bang ! One shot suffices, you have one hundred victims ; to fire again would only cause unnecessary carnage. Father Point, lower down than Rimouski, during strong easterly winds, affords capital stock : Canada geese, Brent geese and ducks are perpetually hovering over the extreme end of the point : the fowler carefully concealed, pours a deadly volley into the flock, and his faithful Newfoundland dog springs in the surf and fetches out the dead birds.— You can either continue to *beat* the shore or cross over with us to Seal Rocks, in the Traverse, a delightful small game preserve, so bountifully stocked with ducks, teal and plover, that a club of *chasseurs* of St. Jean Port Joly have leased it from government ; a rare thing in Canada for natives to pay for the privilege to shoot game ; it is so plentiful everywhere. We are now at Crane Island ; *Quantum mutata ab illâ !* Night shooting has effectually scared the ducks from their resting places. Of swans, Lord Gosford seems to have got the last. As to cranes, two only have been seen of late years. This wary stilted stranger, *Gruem advenam*, as Horace calls it, can only be an accidental visitor, as its range is considerably more to the west. How often have we seen its solitary figure looming up at low tide, far beyond the range of a gun ? Where is the time when a Crane Island *chasseur* thought he had had a poor season if he had bagged less than one hundred *outardes* (Canada geese), together with a few dozen snow-geese : wild in the extreme, yea, as hard to catch as southern generals, are those noisy swamp-feeders, who

spend the summer months, winging every alternate day their wedgelike flight from the St. Joachim beaches, to the Crane Island flats, where they congregate at low water mark, some 3,000 feeding beyond a rifle's range. We know of a hunting ground not one hundred miles from Quebec, in which the protection of game is strikingly exemplified. None but the proprietors have access to this preserve, in which *outardes* and ducks assemble in astonishing multitudes. Recently two men shot fifty wild geese there in two days. The place is a source of revenue to its owners, and those birds, which are not sent to market, are salted and preserved for the farm servants' daily use.

It would be impossible for us, in this short sketch, to name all the localities where game is to be had in Canada. The two shores of the St. Lawrence, from Gaspé to the upper lakes, and the greater number of the tributaries of the great river, especially in the Ottawa district, are our chief shooting grounds—some seven or eight hundred leagues—plenty of elbow-room, as you may see. The Chateau Richer swamp, in spite of the indiscriminate slaughter of birds, still furnishes some 3,000 or 4,000 snipe per season. The Bijou marsh, formerly an excellent hunting ground, under the St. Foy heights, is pretty well destroyed at present for game purposes. What a splendid game preserve the Bijou would become in the hands of a sporting millionaire! Woodcock are still numerous at Cote-à-Bonhomme, near Charlesbourg, at La Baie du Febvre, Les Salines, and in fifty other places. Wild pigeon shooting, especially in western Canada, yields an abundant harvest. The passenger pigeon still resorts to the Niagara district in such quantities that Audubon's graphic description of the flights of wild pigeons in Kentucky ceases to appear overdrawn. Until 1854, there existed in the woods back of Chateauguay, at a place called the Five Points, a pigeon roost; the devastation caused by this countless host in the wheat fields became very great, but in presence of the incessant attacks of man, a general pigeon stampede took place—the roost is now deserted.

Grouse shooting, which in Canada commences on the 20th August, affords also some amusement. *Grouse and partridge are shot and snared in Canada, the \*Hon. Grantley F. Berkley to the contrary notwithstanding.*

\* We find in the London *Times* of the 18th September, 1863, in a letter subscribed Grantley F. Berkely, *valuable* (?) information respecting the Canadian partridge, and the mode of capturing it:—"The Americans," says this learned Nimrod, "are profoundly ignorant of the way to shoot winged game in any quantities, or to take them

*standing—not poisoned with strychnine.* A great falling off is certainly now observable in the number of birds, in consequence of the wanton slaying of the old ones in the breeding season; but dive into the interior about forty miles, at the time when the maple tree is decked with tints of unsurpassing loveliness, and then let us hear from you. We remember, one balmy September morning, beating for grouse in the wooded slopes of the Chateau Richer mountain, just at the hour when the rising sun was pouring forth floods of golden light. Never before had we seen our hardwood trees more gorgeously decorated. The bright red, deep green, and the orange-colored leaves sparkling with dew-drops, and bathed in autumnal sunshine, recalled to our mind Tasso's description of Armida's enchanted forest. We could compare it to nothing else but to a huge flower-garden in full bloom. Our rêverie was briskly interrupted by the *whirring* sound of the grouse, flushed from its cover by our dog.

Grouse is not the only game which you meet in the woods during a September ramble; perhaps you may be lucky enough to have a shot at the king of birds, the golden eagle, or his pilfering compeer the bald eagle, soaring high above your head amongst the crags. Do not be alarmed if, in crossing a mountain gorge, the hoarse croak of the raven should catch your ear. And if, perchance, camped for the night on the mountain brow in a deserted sugar-hut, you hear the horrible hooting of the great horned owl, fear nothing; *it is not the evil one*: wait until the nocturnal marauder lights on the large tree next to your resting place, and, by the light of the moon, your Manton will soon add to your museum, if you have such a fancy, one of the noblest and fiercest birds of the Canadian fauna.

If there should be anything of the Jules Gérard or the Gordon Cumming in your composition, and you have a hankering for larger game, without being able to go to the Rocky Mountains, go and ask that peasant in the market place the particulars of the raid which bears have recently made in his oat-field, after decimating his flock. Go in quest of the sheep-slayer; your guide will take you where bruin and her cubs

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alive, and it is not unlikely they have adopted strychnine as a method of death." He, further on, explains why they poison the birds they intend for food, viz., for "the love of the almighty dollar, which makes men not over nice in the means they take to get it." Mr. Grantley F. B.'s peculiar insanity is becoming chronic.—In Canada we should try the cold water cure.

hold their nightly revels. Take care not to miss your intended victim ; if you do, or only wound her, she won't miss you.

When you are tired of shooting bears, Canada geese, ducks, snipe, woodcock, pigeon and grouse, take the train for the western prairies and plains, and eight or ten days will bring you to where countless herds of buffalo browse ; a subject upon which the Prince of Wales, our governor general, Lord Monck, Lord Mulgrave, and the other governors of British provinces, from their recent visit, are now in a position to speak *ex cathedra*. You can occasionally vary your sport by looking after wild turkeys and prairie hens, reserving deer and caribou hunting for the winter season, but when you get there, with Mr. Russell's fate before your eyes, do not desecrate the Sabbath. Before we part, let me give you a solemn piece of advice. By the mighty shades of Hawker, by the ramrod of the great Saint Hubert, I adjure you not to waste powder and shot in the neighborhood of large cities ! Spring shooting and pot-hunters have for the most part extirpated the game in such localities. Go to Sorel, Deschambault, Mille Vaches, Lancaster, Long Point on Lake Erie, for ducks ; to Chateau Richer, Grondines, St. Pierre les Becquets, for snipe ; beat Côte à Bonhomme, the whole range of heights from Charlesbourg to the Jacques Cartier river, for woodcock ; but if you wish for sport in earnest, go to western Canada, to the St. Clair marshes,\*

\* We read in the *Toronto Leader*, of November, 1860 :—" Captain Strachan and Mr. Kennedy returned last evening from a fortnight's shooting in the St. Clair marshes, where they had excellent sport, bagging, to the two guns, two swans, three snipe, five wild geese, and 570 ducks,—black, mallard and grey ducks—weight 1,860 lbs."

" Cols. Rhodes and Bell, of this city, returned to town recently, from a hunting excursion in the woods north of Quebec. During their trip they met with a run of good sport, having killed ten caribous, four lynxes, a porcupine, and a large number of white partridges, hares, &c. Such an amount of game brought down by two guns must be considered a decidedly good *battue*. We understand that one of the large caribous has been obtained by several officers of the garrison for the purpose of being sent to England."—*Morning Chronicle*, 29th December, 1862.

" Ten tons of prairie chickens and quail were shipped from Chicago to New York by one of the Express companies recently."—*Ibid*, 6th January, 1863.

" SALMON FISHING.—Mr. Law's party returned from Godbout yesterday morning, three rods having killed 194 salmon, weighing 2196 lbs ; the average weight of each being 11 lbs. and one-third."—*Mercury*, 7th August, 1863.

Messrs. Boswell and Kerr, the proprietors of the Jacques Cartier salmon stream, 27 miles from Quebec, have caught, with the fly, more than 200 fine salmon in July, 1863. The pools are fairly alive. [We now have before us a tabular statement showing the catch, each day, of three rods in the river Moisie, on the gulf coast, in 1862, viz : 318 salmon ; average weight, 15 to 17 lbs. ; and, also, a similar authentic statement for the river Godbout for June and July, showing 287 fish ; weight, 3,116 lbs.]

The *Essex Record* says that " Bob Renardson " and two others have just returned from a shooting expedition at Baptiste Creek, where they have been for the last seven weeks. During that time they bagged sixteen hundred ducks, two bugle swans, one weighing 35 and the other 40 lbs., besides a quantity of smaller game. Most of the ducks have now left, owing to the freezing of the marshes.

where you will find swans, geese, ducks, teal, snipe, even eagles ; in fact all the game of Canada congregated. Rely for success on good dogs, a good guide, a sure aim, and, our word for it, a plethoric game bag will be your reward.

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The Montreal *Witness* says :—" We learn that the Hon. Col. Annesley, M.P., the Hon. Capt. Elphinstone and Mr. Morland, returned to Montreal after a two days' shooting excursion, having bagged 232 head of duck and other game."

I could, *ad infinitum*, multiply quotations from the press, but I have said enough to induce English sportsmen to come and ascertain for themselves whether or not Canada contains game.

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## Acclimatization.

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### CHAPTER XV.

**A**MONGST the several subjects which of late years have seriously engaged the attention of statesmen and economists in other countries, few have had the privilege more so than the question of increasing the food for the sustenance of the people, by developing the natural resources of the country. Various means have been used to arrive at this very desirable result. The artificial propagation of fish, ever since the days of Remy and Gehin, has been and still continues to be in great favor; this, joined to the protection of deep sea fisheries and to a carefully organized system of public bounties, has produced in several of the more enlightened communities in the old world, an ample harvest for the rich man, as well as for perishing millions. Our own favored land has not been slow in following in the wake of the most illustrious nations, the English, the French, &c.; we, too, have our organized system of bounties for successful industry;\* we have, at considerable cost, recently inaugurated a comprehensive protective policy over the hundreds of fruitful salmon rivers which intersect our thousand miles of sea coast. This branch of science has been eloquently descanted on, ably expounded by intelligent strangers, such as Dr. Henry, Chas. Lanman and others, who seemed perfectly amazed at our ignoring the inexhaustible resources which our lakes, our rivers, our majestic St. Lawrence contained in its limped waters. The writings of these gentlemen soon called forth an echo from our shores, and in a very short time we had "the Salmon Fisheries of the St. Lawrence," "Salmon Fishing in Canada," "Piscatorial Sketches," which would have gladdened the heart of "Old Isaac," and which place beyond contradiction the fact that Canada is a kind of terrestrial paradise for anglers. And if I abstain from placing before the public the names of these useful writers, it is merely because their known

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\* I have shown elsewhere how the system worked: it rests with others to apply the remedy.



modesty dictates such a course to me ; although I must confess, it does seem cruel to withhold the only recognition which the successful literary laborer can count on for his toil, in this new country, wherein no golden harvest is in store for him. Pisciculture is doubtless, at present, a recognized fact, a great, a wonderful science ; and unquestionably those illiterate fishermen of the Vosges, Gehin and Remy, who restored its long forgotten secret, fancying it was quite a new discovery, are greater benefactors to the human race than he, who in Grecian story, is supposed to have stolen from heaven the divine fire. It were idle for me to attempt adding anything on a subject at present thoroughly known and appreciated. I wish merely to mention another matter closely connected with the propagation and increase of the animal kingdom by artificial means, quite as practicable, quite as valuable, to any country ; I mean the acclimatization of foreign animals, the introduction in this country of valuable species hitherto considered indigenous to other climates. If I am asked why I urge the idea at present, I shall merely reply, that as the time draws near when the indefatigable members of the "Fish and Game Protection Club" will be called on to propose wholesome amendments to the Fish and Game Laws now in force, it may not be out of place for an humble advocate of the cause, to suggest to them that possibly they might enlarge their scope of usefulness, by enquiring whether Canada cannot respond to the appeal England and France are making to us through the press and through their scientific periodicals. Every one knows the immense undertakings of the Imperial Acclimatization Society of Paris. It was presided over, until his death, by a leading French naturalist, Isidore Geoffroy Saint Hilaire. It is patronized by several of the most eminent French *savants* and by the Emperor himself. Every month the proceedings are printed in a Scientific Bulletin, sent to its corresponding members all over the globe.

A similar institution also exists in London. It is comparatively recent, but its object is warmly advocated by the *Times*, and by several eminent men. I shall now make known its programme.

The purposes of the society are :—

1st. The introduction, acclimatization and domestication of mammalia, birds, fishes, insects and vegetables, whether useful or ornamental.

2nd. The perfection, propagation, and hybridisation of races already domesticated.

3rd. The spread of indigenous and naturalized animals, &c., from parts of the United Kingdom where they are already known, to other localities where they are not known.

4th. The procuration, whether by purchase, gift, or exchange, of animals, &c., from British Colonies and foreign countries.

5th. The transmission of animals, &c., from England to her colonies and foreign parts, in exchange for others sent from thence to the society.

6th. The holding of periodical meetings, and the publication of reports and transactions for the purpose of spreading knowledge of acclimatization, and of enquiry into the causes of failure.

As the *Times* correctly remarks, the doctrine of acclimatization, or domestication of animals, is not new ; nor was it considered a chimæra by our forefathers ; for, whence comes the horse, the sheep, the domestic pig, the turkey, the potato, the pheasant ? Almost all our domestic animals, and most of our useful vegetables, have been notoriously acclimatized. Look at the efforts to introduce into England the Chinese sheep, which multiplied very rapidly ; look at the endeavors to acclimatize the guan, the curassow, and other valuable tropical poultry, in English farm-yards ? Who has not been agreeably surprised to hear of the striking success with which the Marquis of Breadalbane has restored to Scotland those noble birds, the black game, which had nearly become extinct ? It would appear that they are now breeding so fast that fears are entertained that they may dwarf. The *Bulletins* of the French society describe a beautiful species of duck, recently introduced from Canada, in France ; it is called the Labrador duck. Mention is also made of an endless variety of animals and birds successfully domesticated. The Angora goat, acclimatized in Sicily, another species of goat imported into France from Thibet,—dromedaries, sent by the society to the Brazilian government,—merino sheep, reared in France,—Cuban animals and birds, which might be with advantage introduced in other countries,—the breeding of turtles, as objects of food, and fifty other experiments, many of which, if of no practical bearing for us in Canada, still evince the lively interest which European communities take in this practical pursuit.

Why, therefore, should not our "Fish and Game Protection Club" devote some moments to enquire what animals or birds the inhabitants of the banks of the St. Lawrence could exchange with those who

reside on the shores of the Thames or the Seine? Does not every mail bring out enquiries and orders for the finest specimens of our fauna? Suppose our friends of the county of Essex, or of Chatham, send us down some of their magnificent wild turkeys, some of their red deer, or occasionally a gigantic whapite or Canadian stag; we might add, a few beavers, ruffed and spruce grouse, with a few couple of live ptarmigan; such gifts would grace any English or French park. Although the naturalizing and making barn fowls of the Australian black swan may not fill our pockets, there are several animals now introduced into France, England, and Australia, the acquisition of which might be very desirable. Cannot we, too, profit by the experience of other countries?

## A Parting Word.

### CHAPTER XVI.

**M**ANY have already visited—many intend to visit—the Hermitage. It is as well for the latter to know that no time of the year can be selected with more advantage than the second week in September, when the foliage of the hard wood trees assumes its autumnal brilliancy—not even Kreikoff's forest scenery, dazzling though it be, can equal in brightness the leaves of a Canadian forest in September, during about a fortnight.

Should this first instalment of *Maple Leaves* be acceptable to my readers, they can count on a second at no distant period. Amongst the notes and sketches still remaining in my portfolio, I notice many which merely require some long winter evenings to be expanded into readable form. The history of the mysterious French officer, who, after assuming holy orders, spent the remainder of his days on the Island St. Barnabé, opposite Rimouski, and of which we find mention in \*Emily Montague's letters, written from Sillery in 1767, will doubtless be much relished by romantic readers; and as my agents, Messrs. Holiwell & Alexander, tell me that my book is obtaining many romantic readers, it may be as well to inform them that a literary friend has just become possessed of a manuscript memoir of the old hermit of the Island St. Barnabé. I think I am safe in promising them the first reliable intelligence in English of this saintly individual. The pirate of Anticosti, Gamache, also claims attention; and I think I can furnish a sketch of the parliamentary career of the Honorable Louis Jos. Papineau; a chapter on Indian customs, the war-whoop, burials, &c. One of the most attractive historical legends will be the melancholy fate of Françoise Brunon, the converted daughter of an Iroquois chief; an abridged account of Indian ferocity at Detroit, as depicted by the Abbé Casgrain; the story about Mdlle. Granville's brother, the Gosse Island captive; the historical legend of Massacre Island, at Bic; and a variety of stirring events, founded on history, in connection with local traditions, together with sporting intelligence.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

### "L'ORNITHOLOGIE DU CANADA."

(SECOND EDITION.)

(From *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, 17th May, 1861.)

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of Mr. Le Moine's popular work on Natural History, written in French. Of the scientific part of the theme, time and observation will be the best test; we are not sufficiently versed in the mysteries of the feathered tribe to express an opinion. Of the literary attainments of the writer, there seems but one opinion, and that is a favorable one. We must admire the courage of any native who takes to book-making, in this new country: We shall quote from one of the several favorable reviews of the volume, which have appeared in the French portion of the press. "Le Canadien," speaking of "L'Ornithologie du Canada," says:—"Little remains to be said, of this work, after what has already appeared in the public journals. The manner of imparting information seems lucid, pleasing, and attractive to the youth of the country. The descriptions of birds are sufficiently scientific and accurate, without being fastidiously so. It is easy to recognize the song, plumage, and habits of each denizen of the forest. One notices the climates it prefers, the locality it inhabits, and all the marvels of the spring and fall migration. Life-like sketches, interesting anecdotes, rivet the attention of the reader to the joyful or melancholy career of the hero. The perusal of the whole work leaves behind a lively wish that the writer may at some future period undertake a complete study of the Fauna of Canada in all its departments.—This of course must depend on the encouragement which the first essay will receive. With the public, it will rest to hasten the realization of this idea. This treatise having been undertaken at the writer's expense, it is to be hoped he will at least find in it the means of meeting the publisher's bill,—zeal for science and the honor of the country being the only incentives in this matter. The English names of birds have been invariably introduced; this will make the work of easy reference for English readers, and will also recommend it to those who wish to study French, in an instructive and amusing little book. Public institutions, with that liberal spirit which distinguishes them, have liberally patronized this first attempt to popularise a beautiful study." We commend 'Les Oiseaux du Canada' to all classes, without forgetting even pleasure-seekers, tourists, and all those who have revelled in the crystal waves of Murray Bay, Cacouna, Gaspé, &c.; this latter class will find most pleasant memories in the last chapter written à la Audubon, and depicting the habits of the herring-gull. Let us conclude by saying "Success to native talent."

The following is the most flattering testimonial yet received by the author of "The Birds of Canada." Professor Baird is, we believe, looked upon as the highest authority on the subject of the work, that can be found on this continent. This book should occupy a place in every library and be in the hands of every tourist.

No. 1182.

Smithsonian Institution,  
Washington, D.C., May 30, 1861.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the second part of the *Ornithologie du Canada*. I have looked over it, with much interest, and consider it a very desirable addition to the popular Ornithology of North America.

I would be glad to have you furnish copies for some leading Ornithologists, such as Dr. Hartlaub, of Bremen, Germany; Slater, of London; Dr. Bryant, of Boston; Mr. Cassin, of Philadelphia; and the Library of the Philadelphia Academy and the Smithsonian Institute.

Very truly yours,  
S. K. BAIRD.

J. M. LeMOINE, Esq.  
Spencer Grange, near Quebec.

### "LES PECHERIES DU CANADA."

(From the *Morning Chronicle*.)

"We have received an extremely interesting and well printed little volume, bearing the title of "*Les Pêcheries du Canada, par J. M. Le Moine*." This gentleman is well and favorably known to our readers as the author of the "*Natural History of the Birds of Canada*;" of "*A Sketch of the discoveries of McClure, Kane and McClintock in the Polar Seas*," and of other works. This little book certainly will not detract from his popularity as an author, and speaks highly for his patriotism. It is calculated to dispel from the minds of the French speaking population of our country many of the prejudices which have been, through want of information in their own language, entertained against the operation and the administration of the fishery laws. It supplies the most interesting information with regard to the new science of Pisciculture, and the wonderful results which have followed from its cultivation in Europe; it furnishes an accurate list of the rivers in Canada which produce salmon and trout, and of the artificial flies which are best adopted for taking them. It also affords the fullest information from the deep sea fisheries, including the cod, the seal, the whale, the porpoise, the herring and the oyster, giving a calculation of the value of the whole, which ought, most undoubtedly, to attract the attention not only of capitalists and political economists, but of all philanthropic and benevolent men, who would wish to see our population furnished with a wholesome article of food which nature has so abundantly provided, which is so necessary to a Catholic population, and which has until very lately been altogether neglected.



(From the Daily News.)

THE FISHERIES OF CANADA.

"This is the title of a volume in French, just issued from the press of the *Canadien*. Its author, Mr. J. M. LeMoine—already no inconsiderable contributor to other departments of our literature—has herein supplied to our French speaking population in his usual style, a large amount of extremely interesting and valuable information.

"We believe we are correct in stating that this is the first work that has been written in the French language on the subject of our fisheries, and for this reason, if for no other, Mr. LeMoine's labors cannot be too highly recommended.

"The fishery question, in all its different phases, we hope to see discussed during the present season, in connection with the Bill to be introduced at the instance of the Montreal Trade, on the subject of fish and oil inspection. This being the case, the work under consideration appears most opportunely, forming as it does, a convenient and reliable text book, for the use of those who have not studied the subject, but who may desire to become acquainted with this immense, but hitherto undeveloped, source of our natural wealth.

"The book is divided into two parts, namely: "The River or Salmon Fisheries," and the "Deep Sea Fisheries." Our author has accumulated a large number of facts respecting the protection which the former requires, and has exhibited the astonishing results recently obtained by means of artificial propagation, in Great Britain and France. Respecting the deep sea fisheries, Mr. LeMoine has also given copious details, drawing largely, but judiciously from Perley's and Andrews' extremely valuable Reports, and from a series of lectures, by M. H. Warren, formerly in business here, and who appears to have had extensive information and experience on the subject of the deep sea Fisheries, on the amendments which the law requires, such as a revision of the Bounty system, Foreign markets for fish, the Judicial reforms in the administration of justice for the Gaspé District, and a new organization for the Coast service. Mr. Le Moine writes forcibly and well, and there is no doubt but many of his suggestions might be adopted with advantage.

"The bounty system, as at present existing, is a complete farce, serving only to swell the gains of a few wholesale fish dealers, or of the money shavers who purchase the bounty certificates from the poor and needy fisherman, at enormous discounts. We have called the bounty system a farce; the coast service, as now constituted, is little better. We do not attribute this to any lack of zeal or capacity on the part of those to whom the Government has intrusted the performance of this duty, but to the limited means at their disposal. It is manifestly impossible for Capt. Fortin to cover and protect so large an extent of coast with one steamer, and we are therefore disposed to regard favorably Mr. LeMoine's suggestion of substituting three or more small gunboats in lieu of the expensive steamer now employed. These vessels being of small tonnage would be of such light



draft of water as would enable them to enter all the small harbours along the coast. The compulsory inspection of fish and oil, is also strongly advocated by the author."

*(From the Quebec Mercury.)*

"It is with pleasure that we render justice to the interesting work on our fisheries, by M. J. M. LeMoine of Quebec, and must confess that we consider it providential for Lower Canada, that a gentleman of his acknowledged abilities and acquirements should have turned his attention in that direction.

"The Hon. M. Sicotte may very naturally feel proud at having merited the appellation of "Father of the Fisheries," a title that will yet attach honour to his name, as a just reward for having drawn public attention to a subject, which must ultimately result in providing for the Province an inexhaustible source of commercial prosperity, and of individual and national wealth, and we have no doubt that his countryman, M. LeMoine (whose studies on natural history have made his name a "household word" amongst us) may be able to render him great assistance, in accomplishing the work he had, when formerly in office, undertaken as one of great national utility.

*(From the Journal de Québec.)*

"Nous remercions James LeMoine pour l'envoi de son livre. M. LeMoine s'est déjà acquis une réputation littéraire et scientifique par ses nombreux écrits, et disons ce qui est rare, qu'il possède l'avantage inappréciable d'exprimer sa pensée dans les deux langues les plus parlées de l'ancien et du nouveau monde, l'anglais et le français.

"Qui a donc oublié le charmant historien des oiseaux du Canada? Aujourd'hui, il change d'élément; il laisse les plaines de l'air pour se plonger dans la plaine liquide: et, cependant, personne ne le trouve étranger dans cette région nouvelle. C'est qu'il y a des oiseaux plongeurs comme il y a des poissons volants, et que, sur les confins des deux règnes, l'on peut se parler et se comprendre.

"Le livre de M. LeMoine a pour titre "Les Pêcheries du Canada." Il traite de la pisciculture, de la méthode moderne, de son application à nos rivières, de la pisciculture en France, des différentes manières de pêcher la truite, le saumon, de la pêche à l'eau profonde, de la pêche de la morue, du veau-marin, de la baleine et du marsouin, des établissements de pêche, de l'inspection de l'huile et du poisson, du traité de réciprocité avec les Etats-Unis, de la protection des bancs où fraie le hareng, des marchés étrangers pour le poisson, de l'organisation des pêcheries et des bancs à huîtres artificiels."

*This last work is now run out, but will be reprinted as soon as the subscription list is filled.*

All orders for the "Ornithologie du Canada," "Les Pêcheries du Canada," and "Maple Leaves," to be addressed, post-paid, to Quebec City News Depot, opposite Quebec Post-office.

HOLIWELL & ALEXANDER, QUEBEC, SOLE AGENTS.

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